

★ FEATURING
DICK COLE ★ BLUE BOLT

MAY



BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT

10¢



VOL. 4, NO. 10



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

The Editors have written a long letter to you on this page for two issues, so this time they want to give most of the space to letters from all of you. The letters below are swell, but you will note that there are no brickbats hurled at BLUE BOLT. Believe it or not, gang, we haven't received any harsh words about BLUE BOLT for over a month. We sure are glad if you all think it is that good, but some of you must have some pet peeves, so be sure and tell us what they are. We can take the "bitter with the sweet" and like to have you air your honest-to-goodness opinions, no matter what they are.

Don't forget the scrap paper drive. The Editors are counting on BLUE BOLT readers to top the list of waste paper collectors.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

Dear Editors:

Of all the comics I've ever read there is no comic book I prefer more than BLUE BOLT COMICS. It has examples for little children as well as grown-ups.

My favorite strips are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Sergeant Spook," "Fearless Fellers," and all of them except "Old Cap Hawkins." He is sometimes very interesting.

I help my mother at home and we buy War Bonds and Stamps very often. Three persons in my family buy bonds through the payroll savings plan and with the money left over from our budget we buy extra bonds.

Respectfully yours,
Beatriz O. Vela,
San Antonio, Texas.

Your family are buying bonds
100%, Beatriz.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have read every issue of BLUE BOLT and think it is swell. The characters I like best are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Sergeant Spook," "Fearless Fellers," and "Krisko and Jasper." I enjoyed reading "I Fly for Vengeance" and would like more stories like it.

For the war effort I am taking orders for defense stamps in my school. I already have one twenty-five dollar bond and have some stamps towards another which I hope to be able to buy very soon.

A faithful reader,
Peter Nelson,
Stamford, Connecticut.

Keep buying bonds, Peter, and don't forget to collect waste paper and fats.

Dear Editor:

I read many comic magazines, and one day I happened to see BLUE BOLT. I never dreamed there could be such a super book.

Now I save my money and buy War Stamps, because instead of buying all the other comics I buy BLUE BOLT since it has all the best stories in it. There is only one thing I want to criticize. You have many girl readers. I think they would appreciate it if you put stories about everyday girls in your BLUE BOLT. I'm sure they agree with me, don't you? But your BLUE BOLT is tops with me.

My favorite stories are "Sergeant Spook," "Fearless Fellers," "Edison Bell," "Dick Cole." In fact, all of them are good. Please keep up the good work.

Respectfully yours,
Eleanor Sand,
New York, New York.

*We wonder how many readers want
a girl story, Eleanor.*

* * *

Dear Editors:

The most interesting story in the January edition of BLUE BOLT was the true and thrilling story of Lt. Commander Clarence E. Dickinson. That story really showed what Americans are made of. After I finished with my comic, I sent it to my brother now serving in the U. S. Army. He enjoys BLUE BOLT COMICS very much. The story he likes best is "Dick Cole." But I have a different story which I enjoy more. It is "Edison Bell." I like it because it sets a good example that every American boy should follow. I buy war stamps every week because it will bring my brother home sooner. What I look for in a good story is adventure and

thrills and you'll find them all in BLUE BOLT. Take that story of the "Blue Bolt." There's a story for you. My last words to you editors is just keep BLUE BOLT COMICS coming off those presses as fast as you can print them.

Your regular reader,
Earl C. Clayton
Baltimore, Maryland.

*Glad you like "I Fly for Vengeance," Earl. We are lining up other
thrilling stories for you readers.*

* * *

Dear Editors:

This letter is to tell you what I think of BLUE BOLT, and what I do to help win the war.

I like "Dick Cole," "I Fly for Vengeance," "Edison Bell," "Krisko and Jasper," "Blue Bolt," "Blue Bolts and Nuts," and "Fearless Fellers" best. I think you improved "Krisko and Jasper" by making them Seabees. I believe that all comic books must have laughs, that's why I say keep "Krisko and Jasper" in. I also think you should have more stories like "I Fly for Vengeance" in your book. It shows us fellows and girls, too, that we are bound to win with heroes like Lt. Commander Dickinson. I have bought BLUE BOLT for one year and a half.

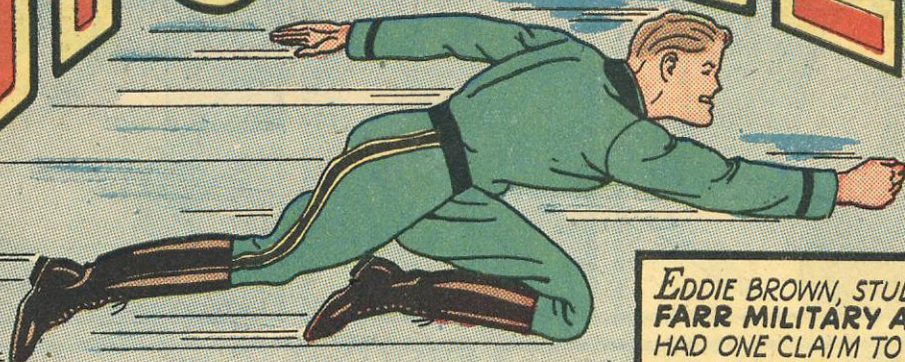
I buy stamps every week and have two bonds already. I am a member of the Jr. Red Cross and work every Monday.

Always a reader,
Angelo Pastorino,
San Francisco, California.

*You didn't send your street address,
Angelo. Be sure to do that so we can
send you your War Stamps.*

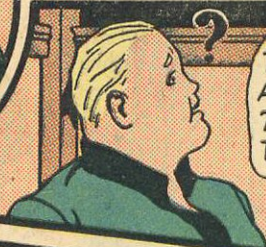
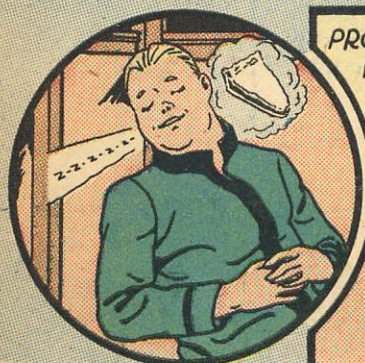
Address Your Mail to BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

DICK COLE



EDDIE BROWN, STUDENT AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, HAD ONE CLAIM TO FAME—HIS ABILITY TO CONSUME A

PRODIGIOUS NUMBER OF PIES. OUR STORY OPENS WITH EDDIE, FULL OF CREAM PIES, ASLEEP IN A DARKENED BOOTH IN NICK'S EATERY, A RATHER DISREPUTABLE PLACE OUTSIDE OF HOPE-TON, BUT FAMOUS FOR ITS PASTRIES—AND PIES.



THE TROOP TRAIN IS DUE AT FARR JUNCTION AT 7.50. IT SHOULD REACH THE TRESTLE AT 8.10. SO WE HAVE TWO HOURS.

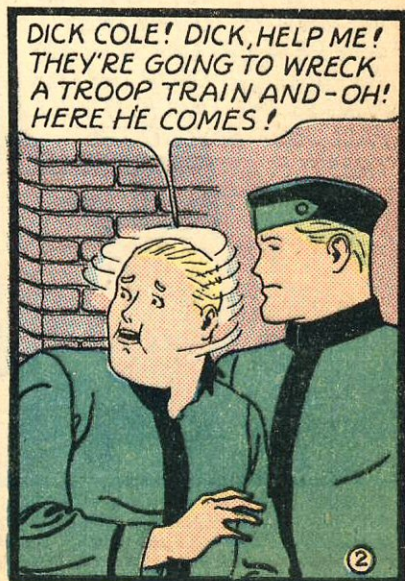
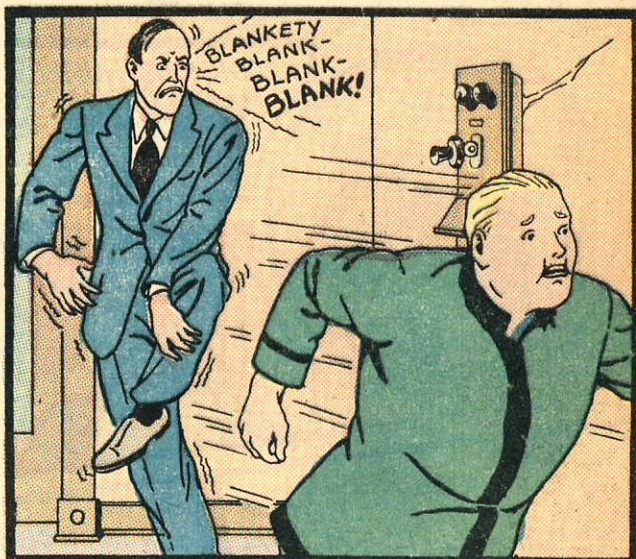
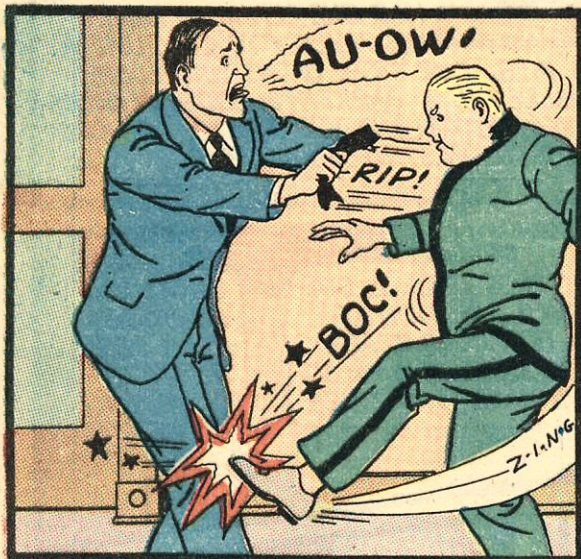
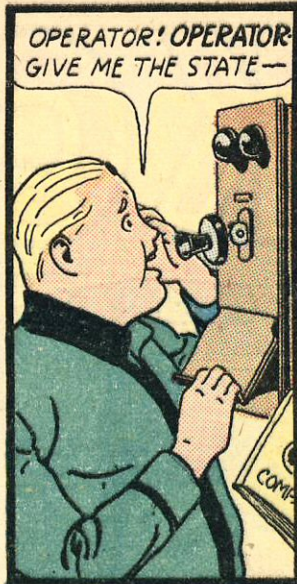
GOOT! VAT ISS YOUR BLAN DER TRAIN TO WRECK?

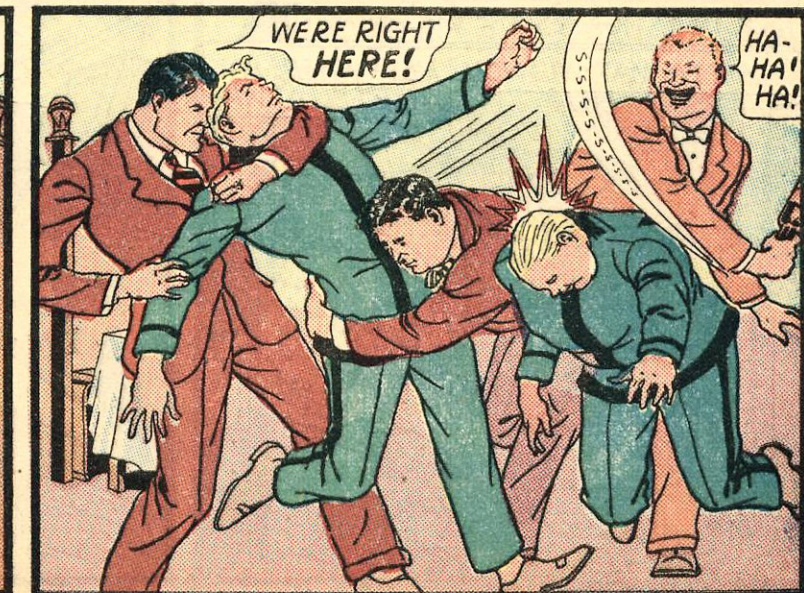
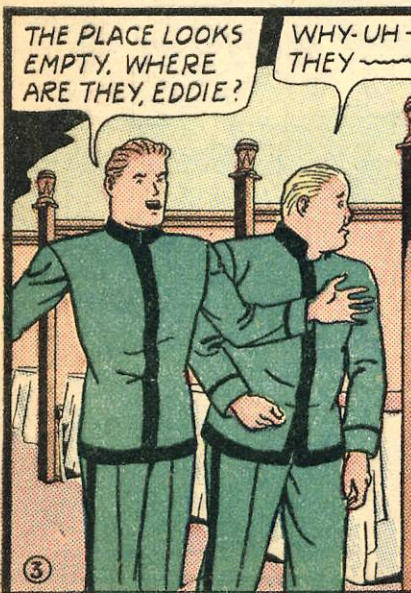
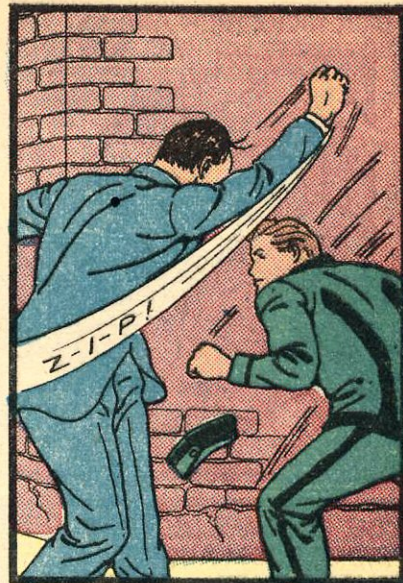
WE THREE GO TO THE SHACK. BILL GOES TO FARR JUNCTION. AS THE TRAIN APPROACHES THE JUNCTION, BILL PHONES US—WE BEAT IT TO THE TRESTLE WHERE A BIG OAK IS READY TO FALL, AND DROP THE OAK ACROSS THE TRACK. IT WILL FALL JUST BEYOND THE TRESTLE.

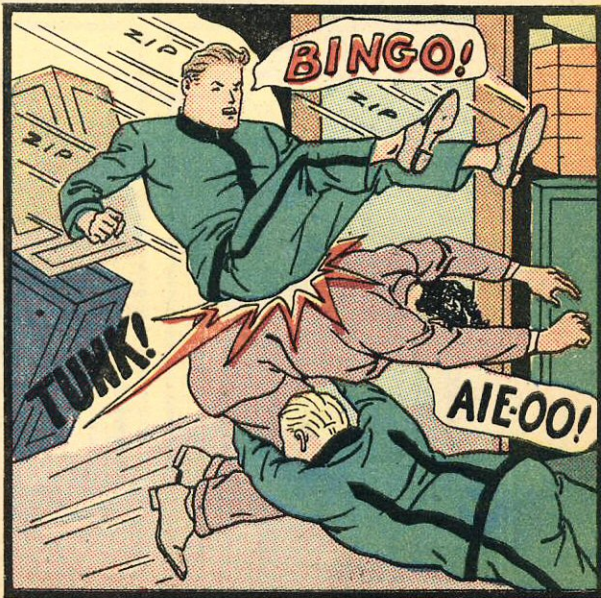
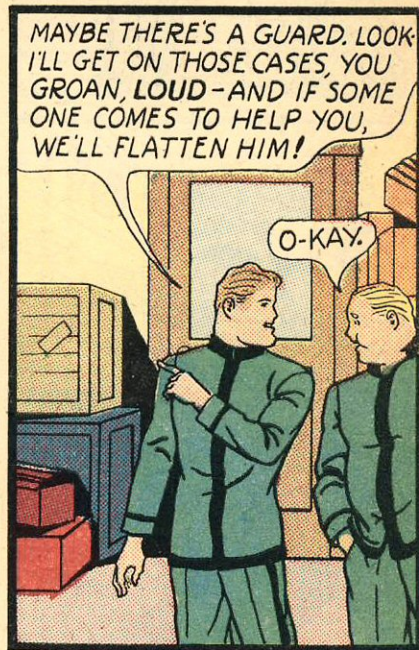
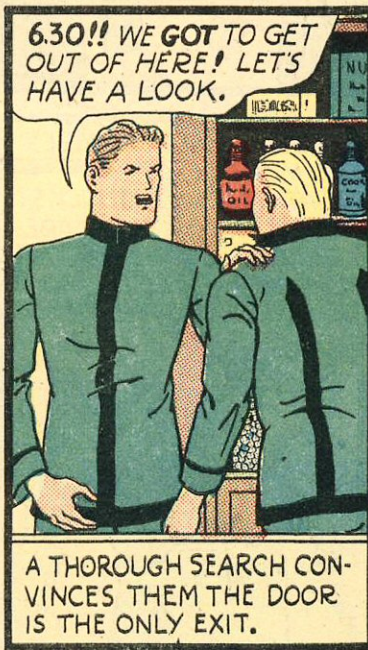
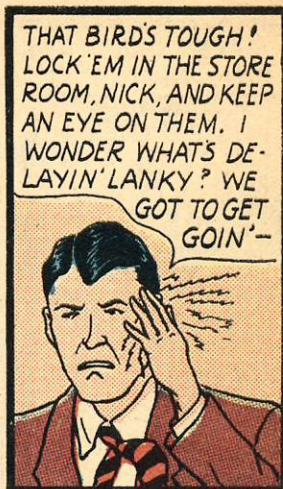
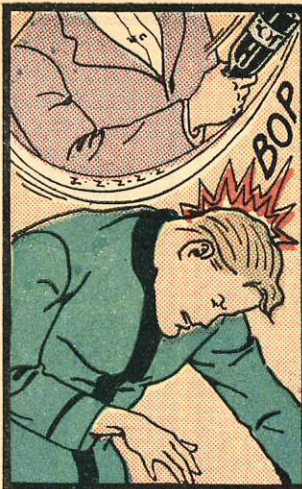
HA! UND VEN TRAIN DER OAK MEETS!—GO DER GENERAL UND SOLDIERS DAS WASSER IN! KAPUT!

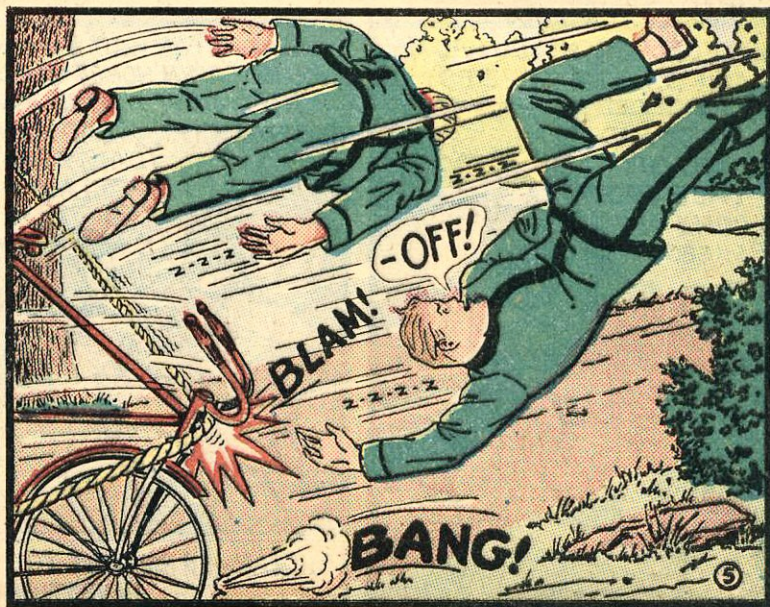
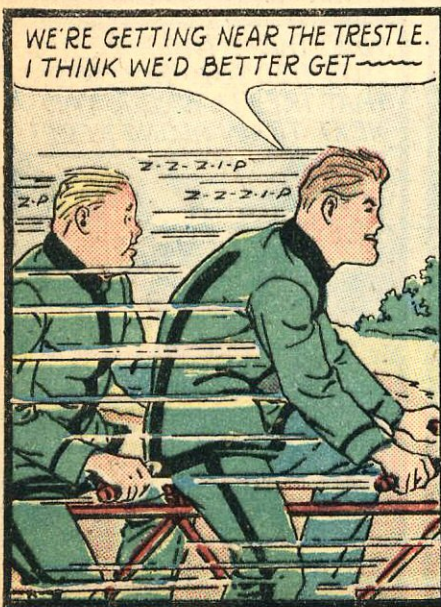
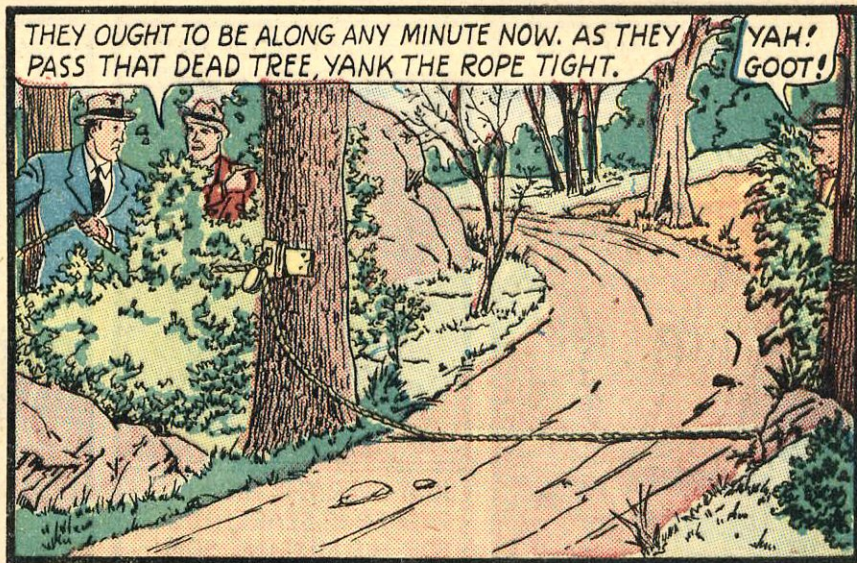
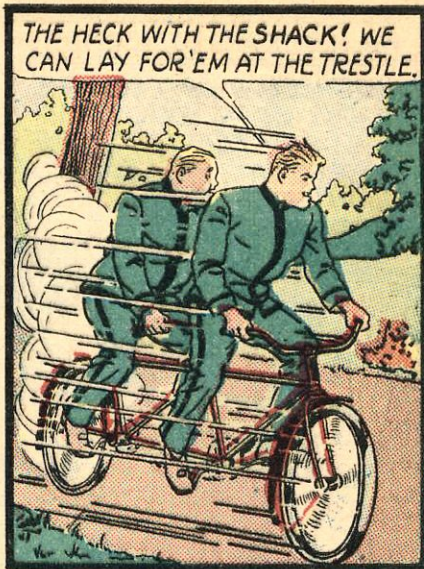
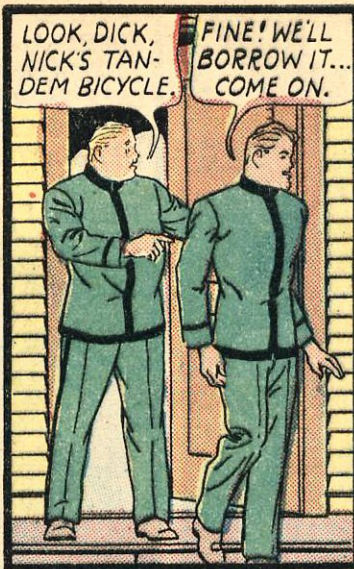
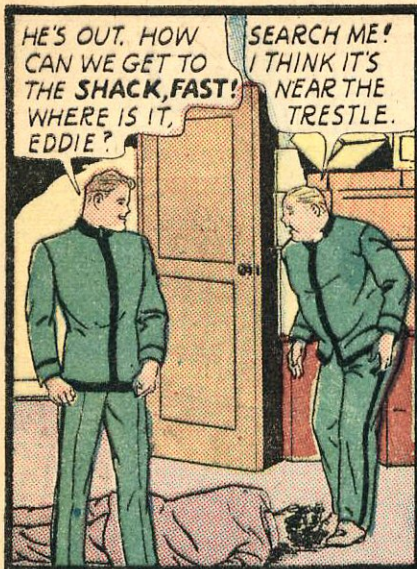
GOSH! SABOTEURS! THEY'RE GOIN' TO WRECK A TROOP TRAIN! LEMME TO A TELEPHONE!











WHEN DICK AND EDDIE COME TO-

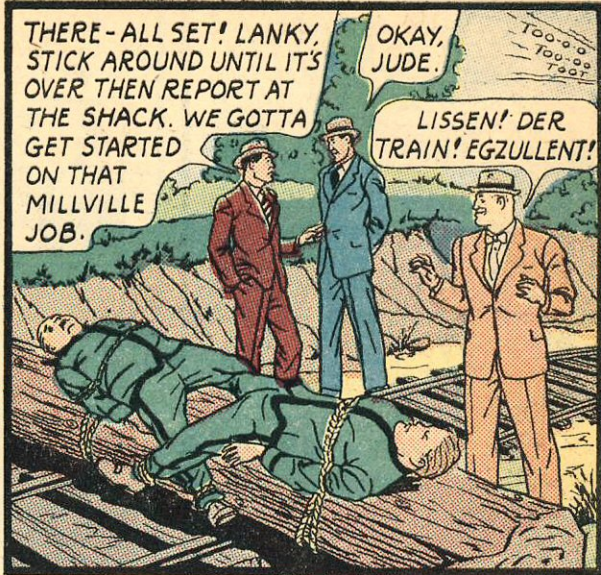
THAT TREE'LL DROP ACROSS THE TRACKS-WE TIE YOU ON IT, SO-YOU'LL HAVE FRONT SEATS FOR A TRAIN WRECK!



THERE-ALL SET! LANKY, STICK AROUND UNTIL IT'S OVER THEN REPORT AT THE SHACK. WE GOTTA GET STARTED ON THAT MILLVILLE JOB.

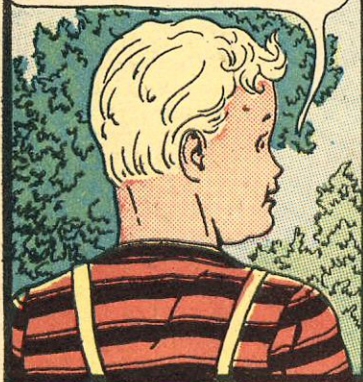
OKAY, JUDE.

LISSEN! DER TRAIN! EGZULLENT!



AND WATCHING ALL THIS IN WIDE-EYED WONDER-

O-O-OH! BAD MANS! BAD MANS CUT DOWN TWEE! SKEEGEE TELL DADDY!



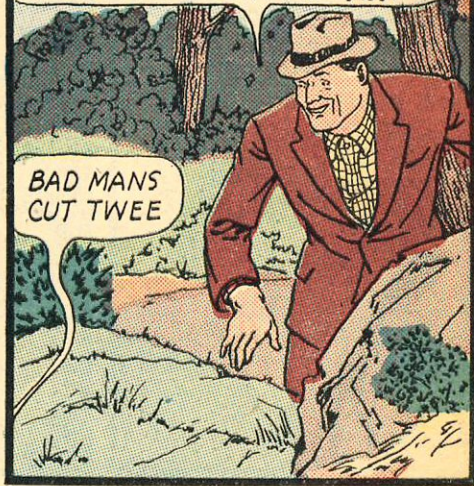
BAD MANS! DADDY PANK!



JUST OVER THE HILL A FATHER IS SEARCHING FOR HIS MISSING SON.

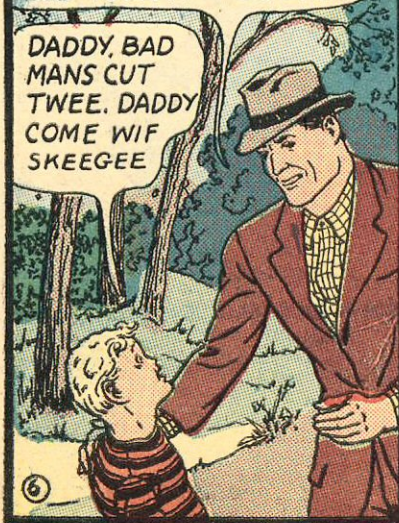
NOW WHERE COULD THAT KID BE? IT'S GETTIN' DUSK AND - AH!

BAD MANS CUT TWEE



SKEEGEE! GOSH! YOU HAD ME AND YOUR MA WORRIED!

DADDY, BAD MANS CUT TWEE. DADDY COME WIF SKEEGEE



BAD MANS CAN WAIT, YOU'RE COMIN' HOME WITH DADDY!

YA-AH YA-EO YE-AOW! BAD MANS- DADDY PANK- A-O-OW

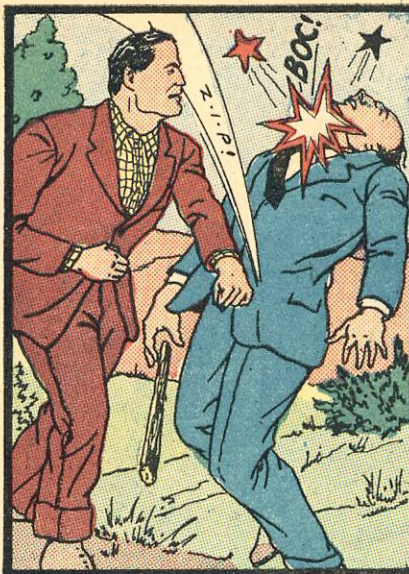


THE FARMER DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE.

WHAT THA'-! TWO FARR STUDENTS TIED TO A-HOLYSMOKE! THAT TREE'LL WRECK THE NEXT TRAIN ALONG HERE!

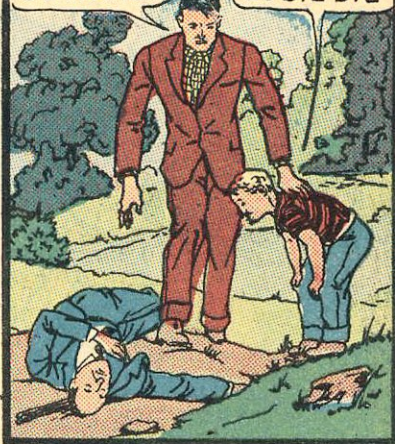


WARNED BY HIS SON, THE
FARMER DUCKS-



THAT SNEAK! OH!
THERE COMES A
TRAIN! SKEEGEE,
GO HOME!

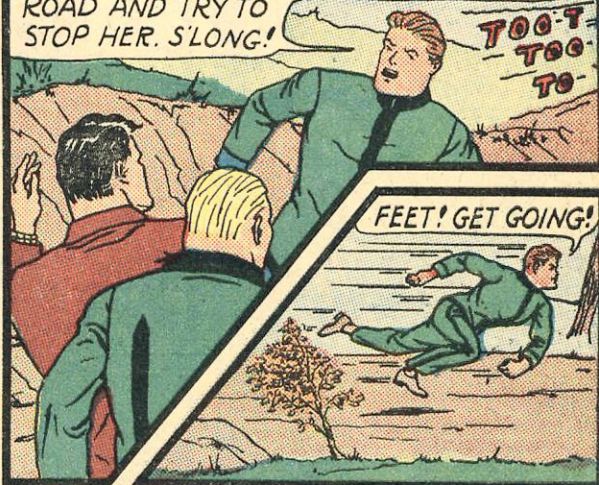
TOOT-
TOO-TOOT
BAD MANS
GO BYE-BYE



HURRY, BOYS! A TRAIN'S COMIN'! SOUNDS LIKE
IT'S LEAVIN' THE JUNCTION. BE HERE IN TEN
MINUTES! WE GOT TO FLAG HER!



BUILD A FIRE, QUICK! THE BICYCLE'S BUSTED,
BUT I'LL MAKE THAT CROSS-OVER UP THE
ROAD AND TRY TO
STOP HER. S'LONG!

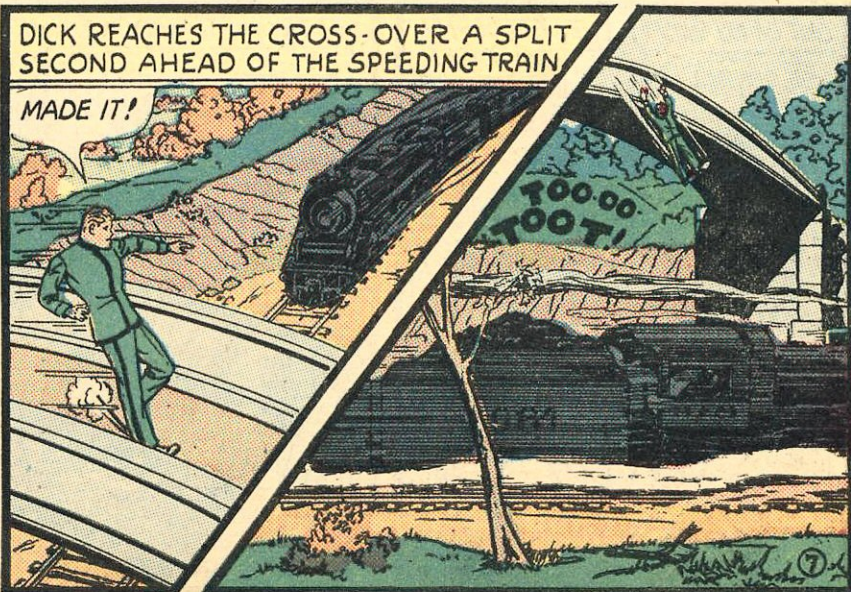


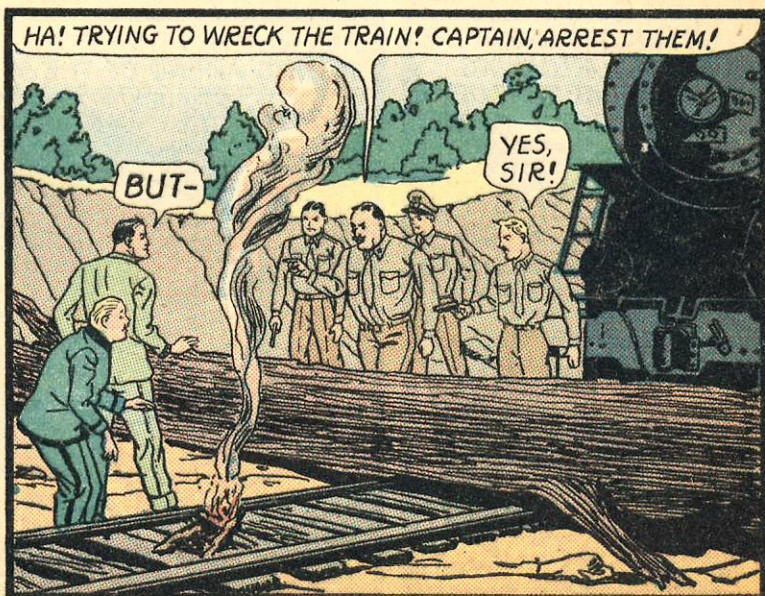
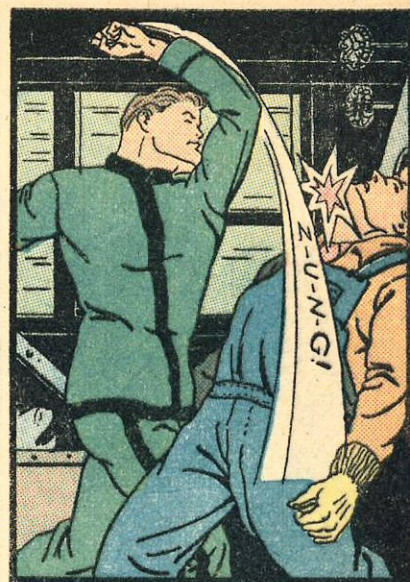
FOUR MINUTES LOST AT THE
JUNCTION, UNLOADING.
GOT TO MAKE THAT UP-
HANG ON, BERT!

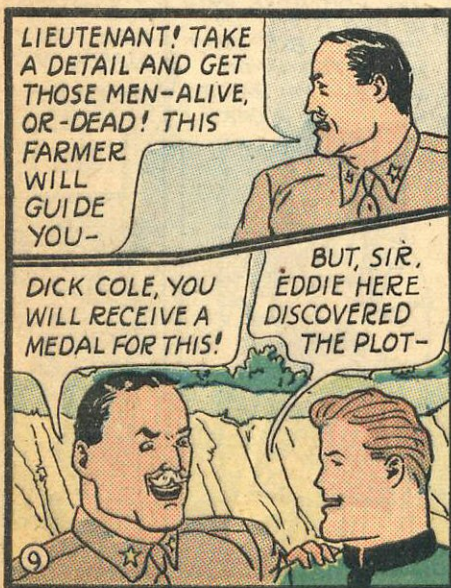
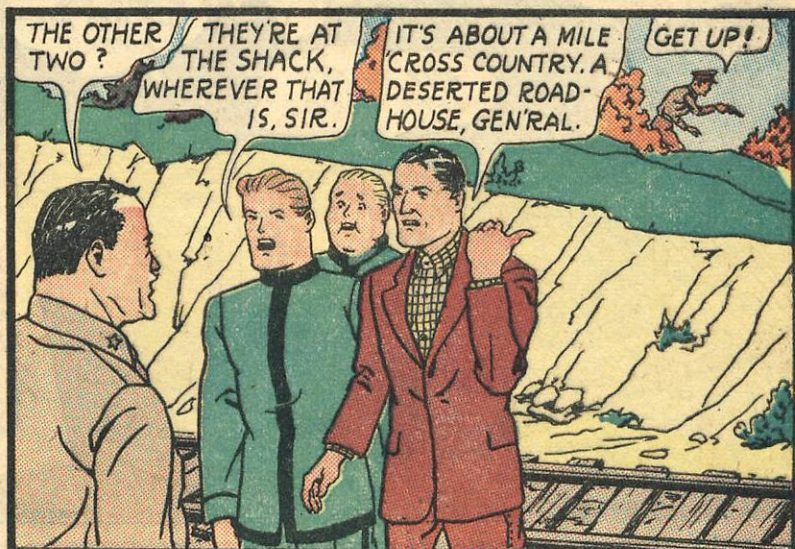
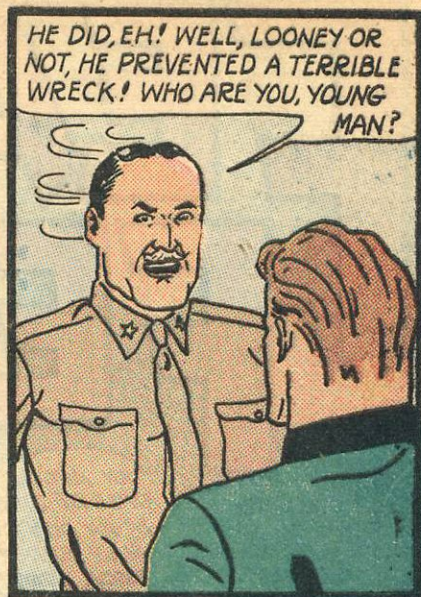


DICK REACHES THE CROSS-OVER A SPLIT
SECOND AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING TRAIN

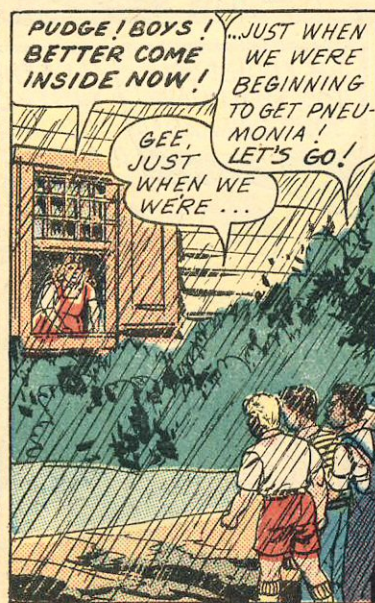
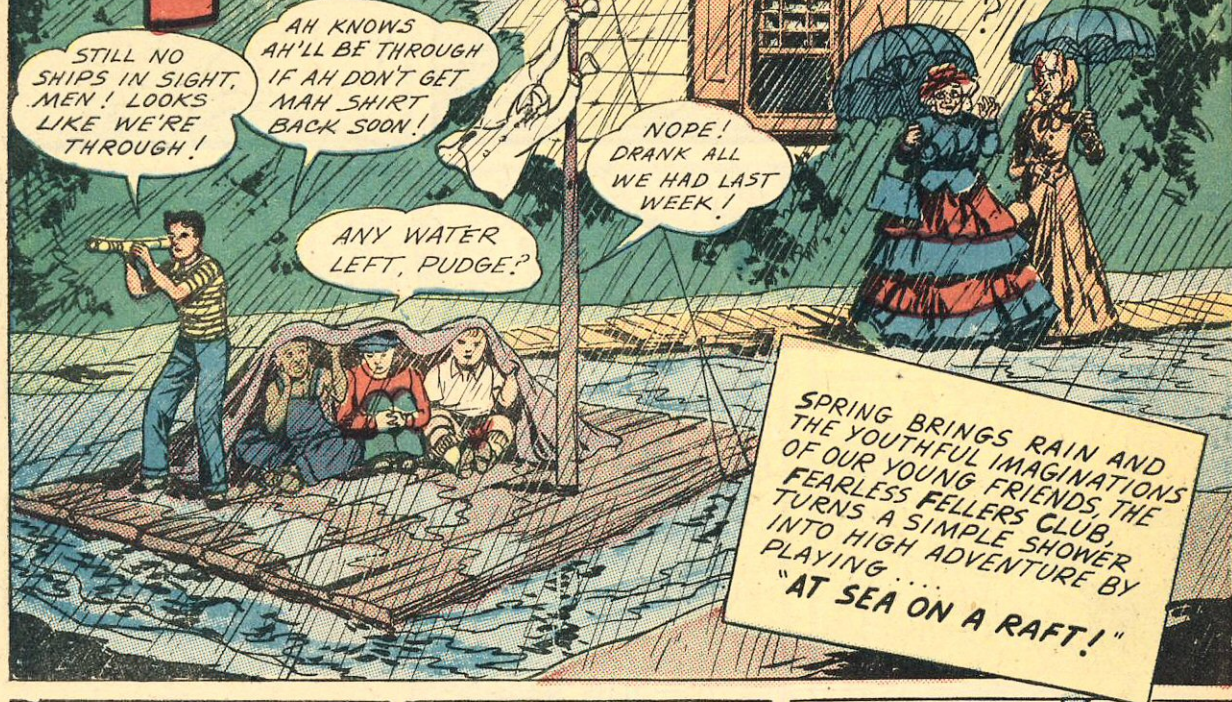
MADE IT!

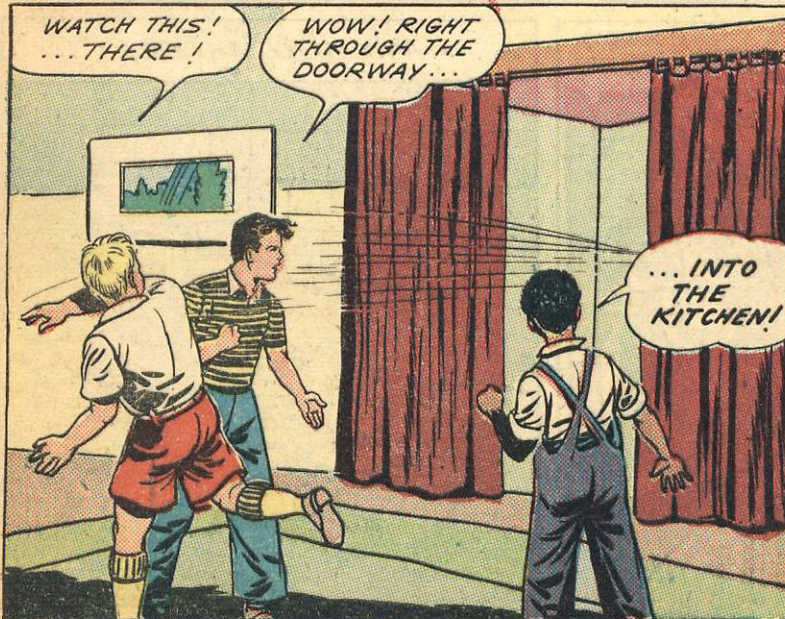
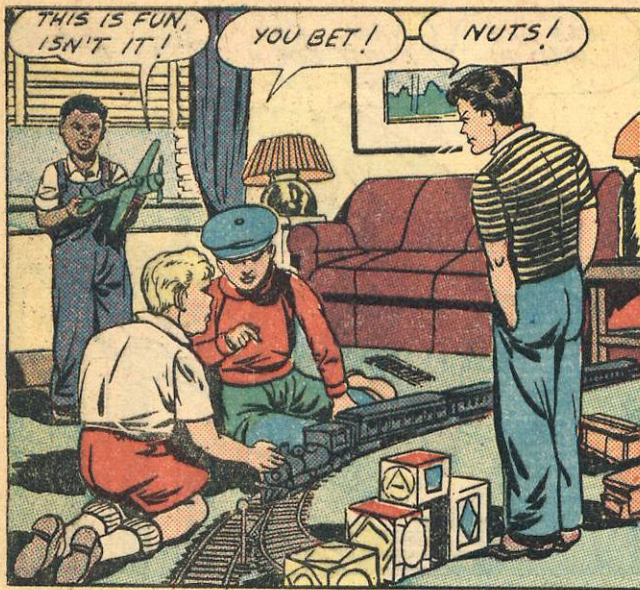


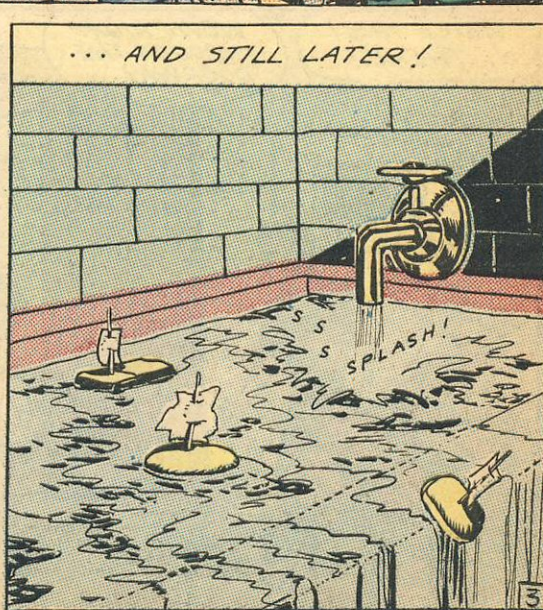
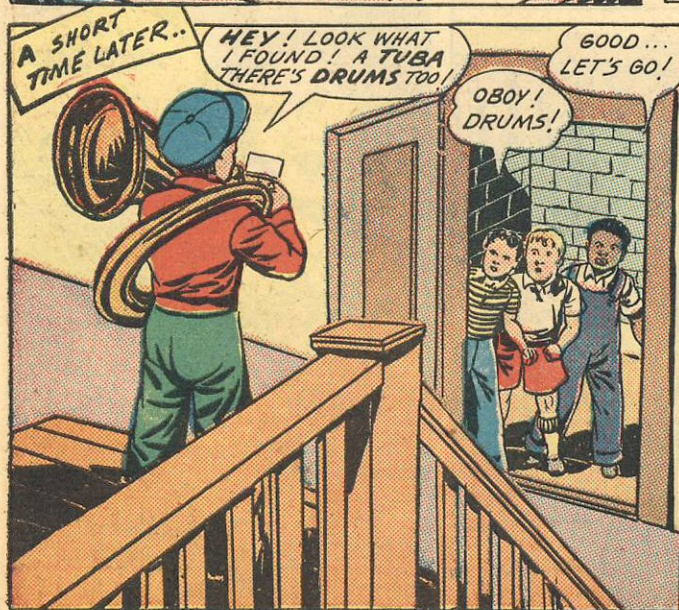
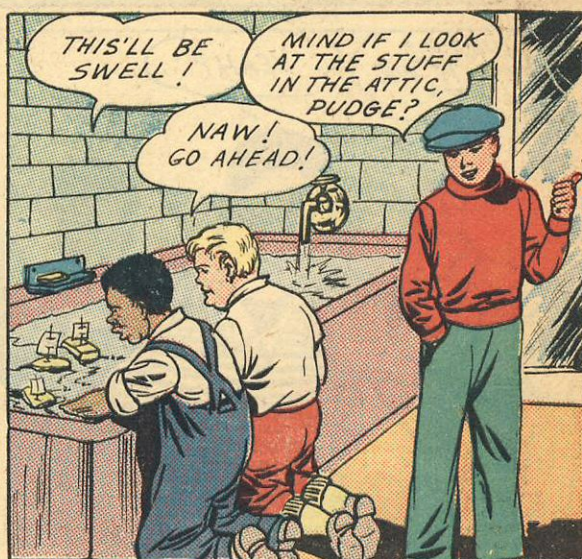
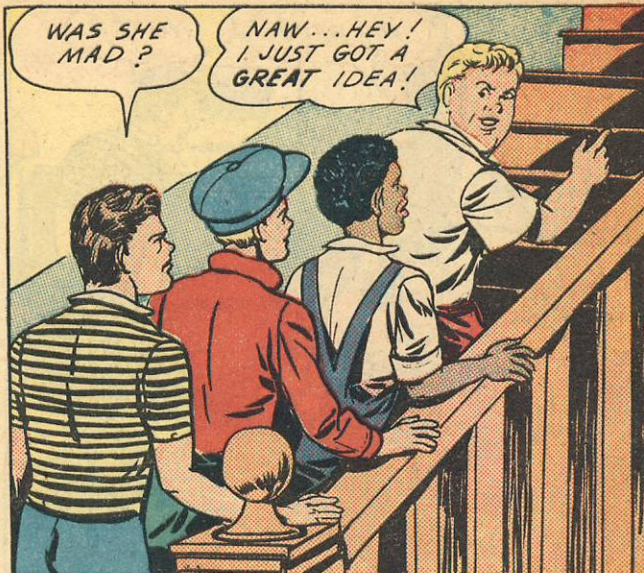


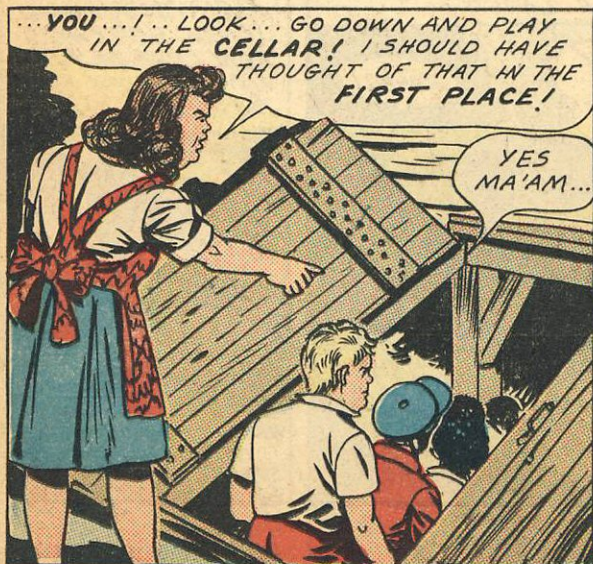
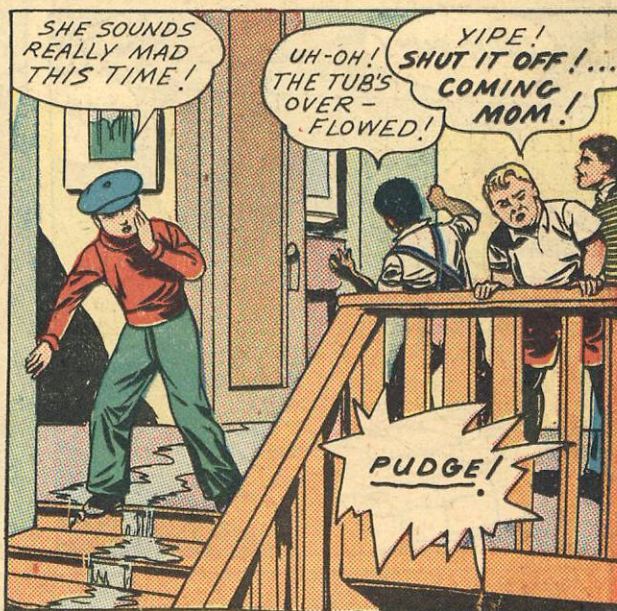


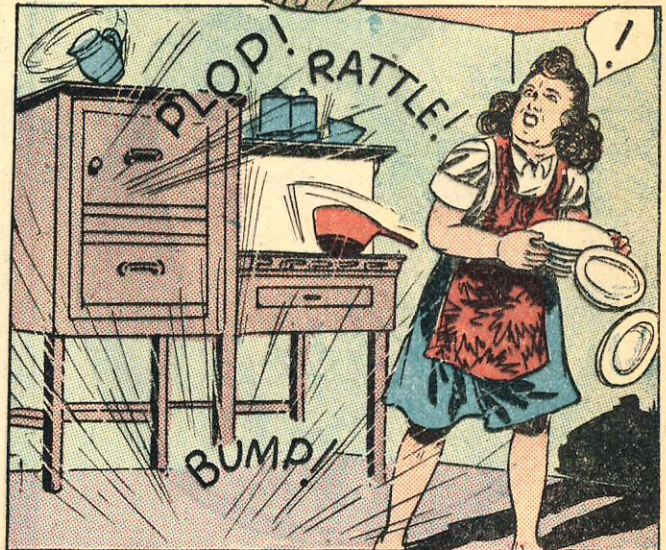
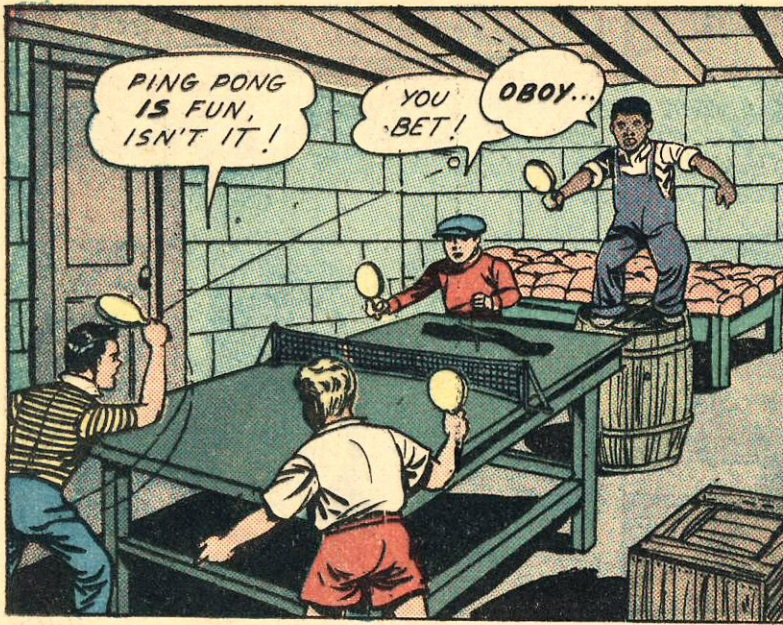
FEARLESS FELLERS



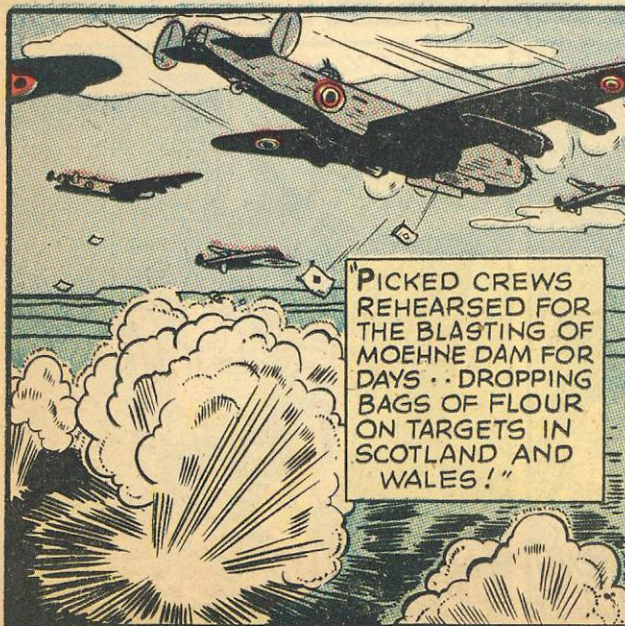
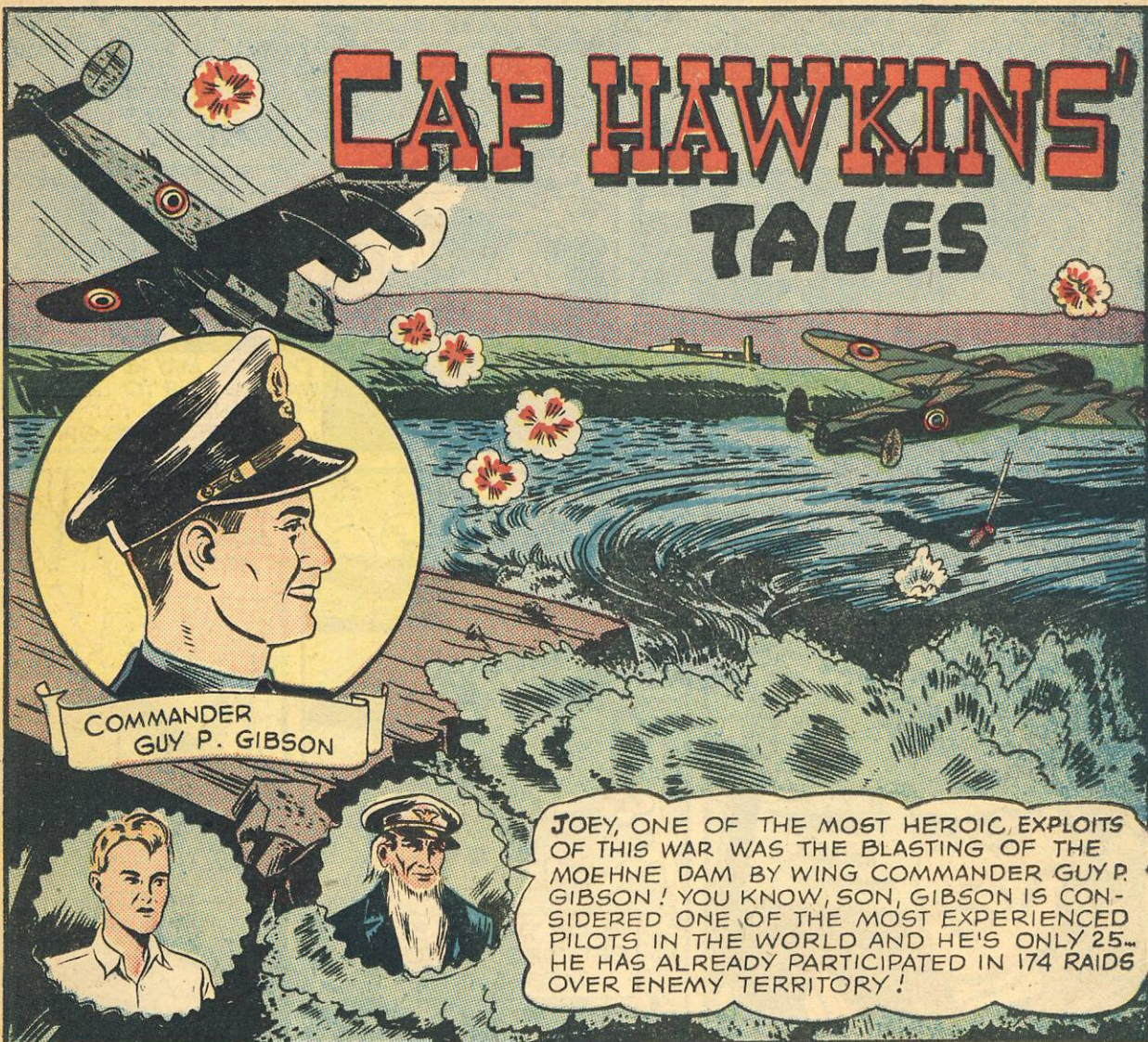


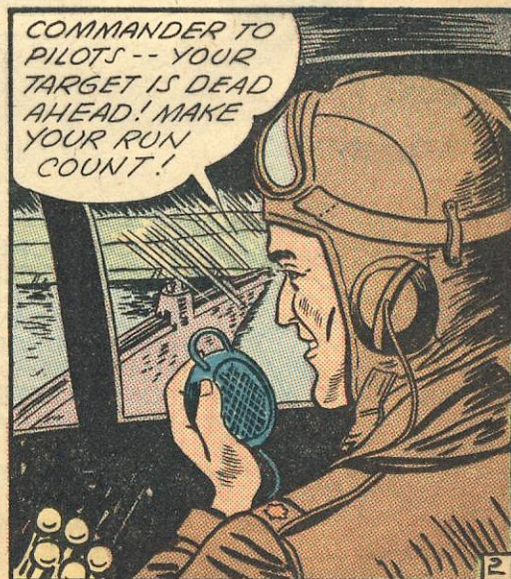
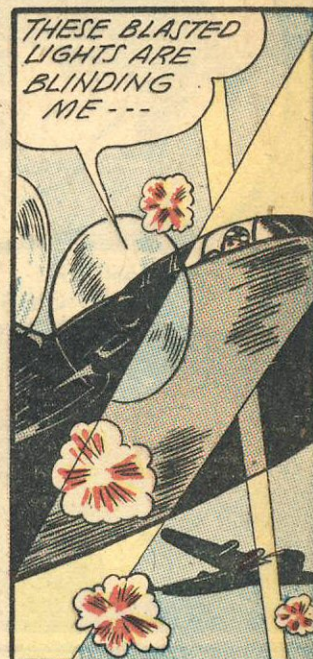
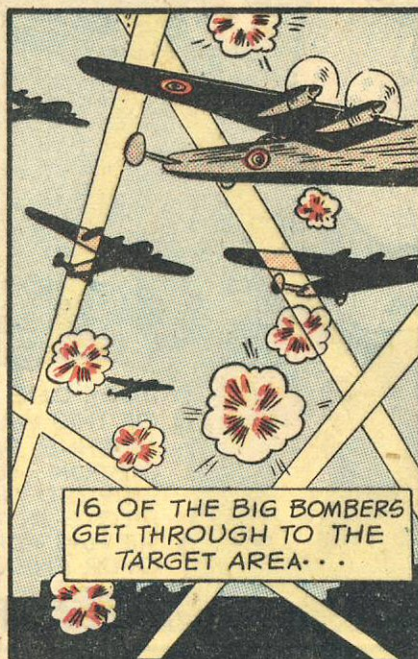
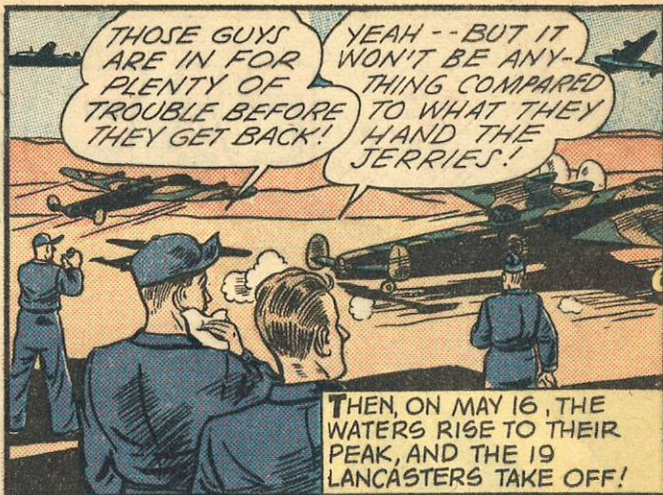
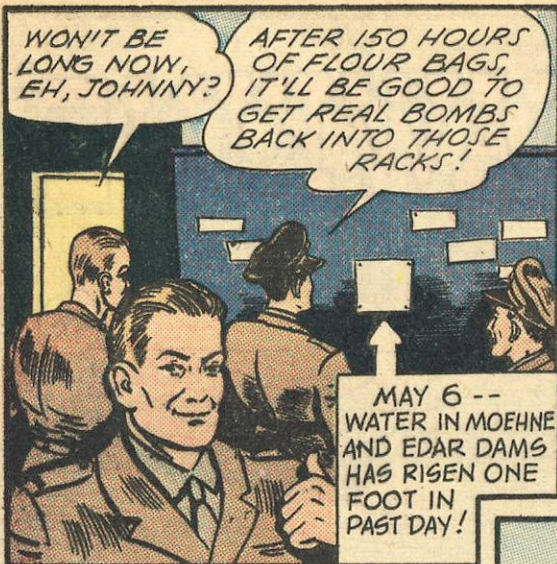






CAP HAWKINS' TALES





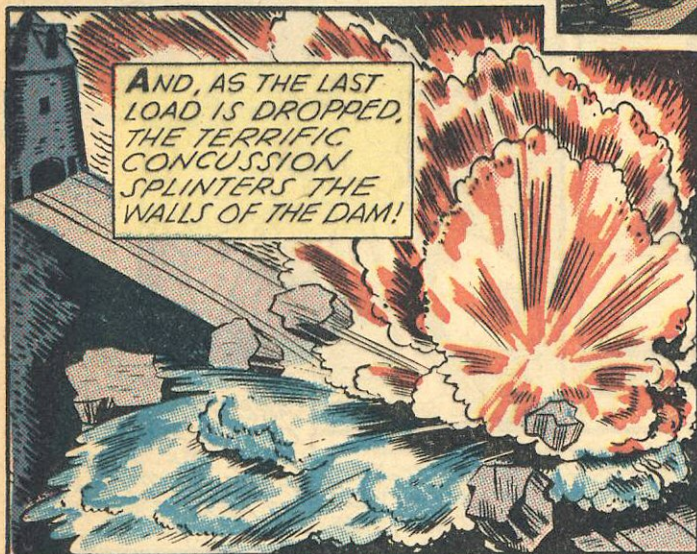
THE BOMBARDIERS DID -- WITH DEADLY ACCURACY . . .



BOMBS AWAY!



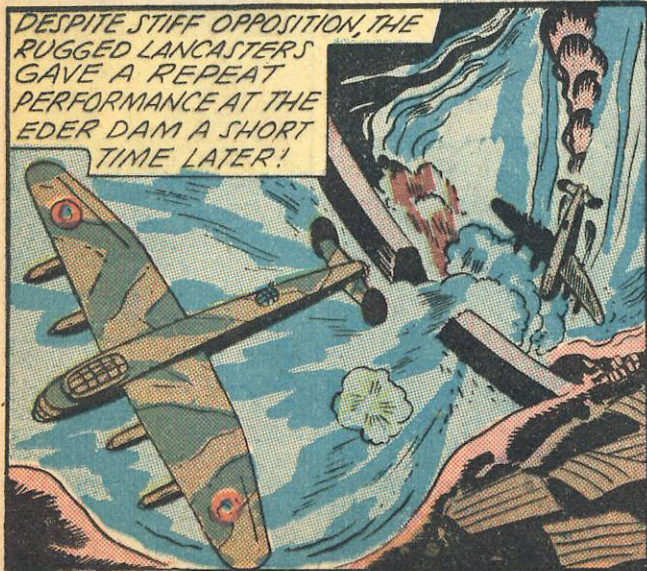
AND, AS THE LAST LOAD IS DROPPED, THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION SPLINTERS THE WALLS OF THE DAM!



COMMANDER TO SQUADRON; OUR MISSION'S COMPLETED HERE. CONTINUE ON TO EDER DAM!

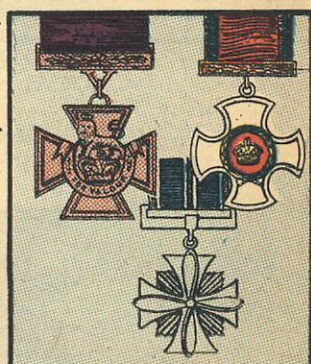
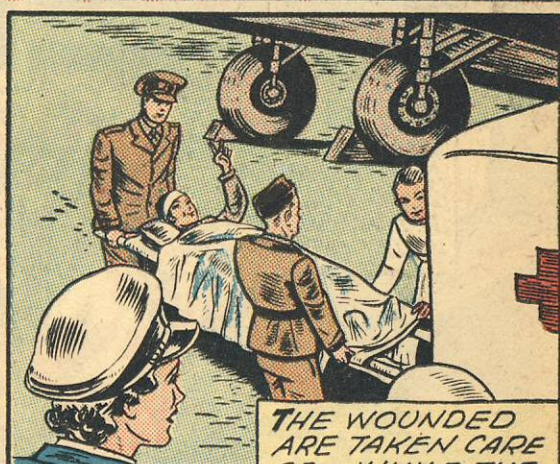
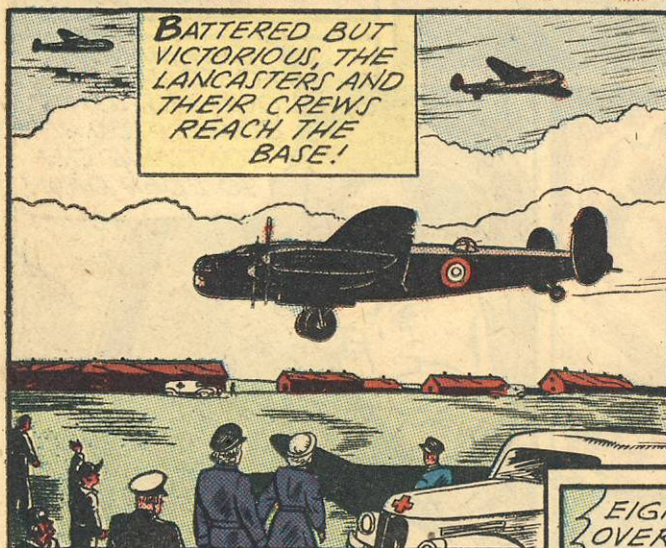
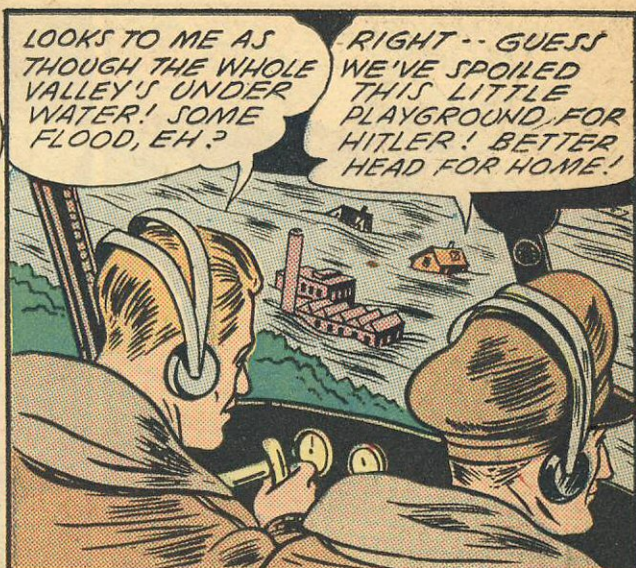
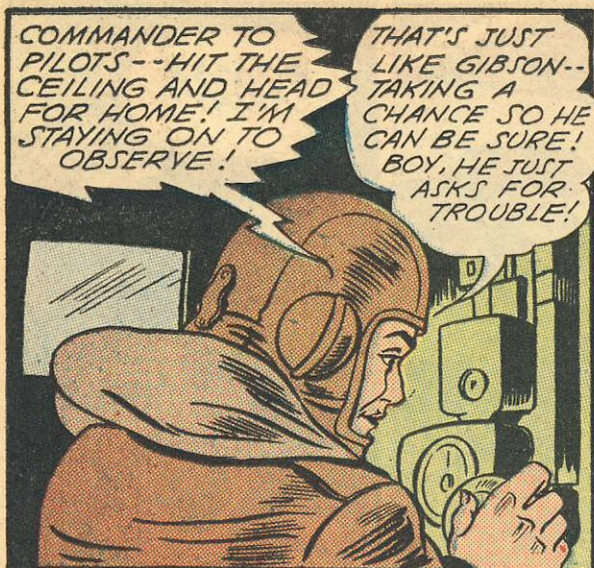


DESPITE STIFF OPPOSITION, THE RUGGED LANCASTERS GAVE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE AT THE EDER DAM A SHORT TIME LATER!



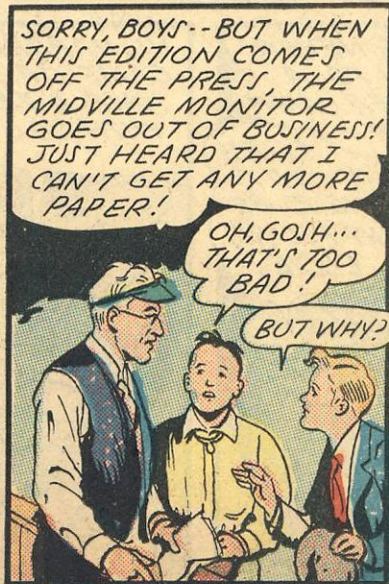
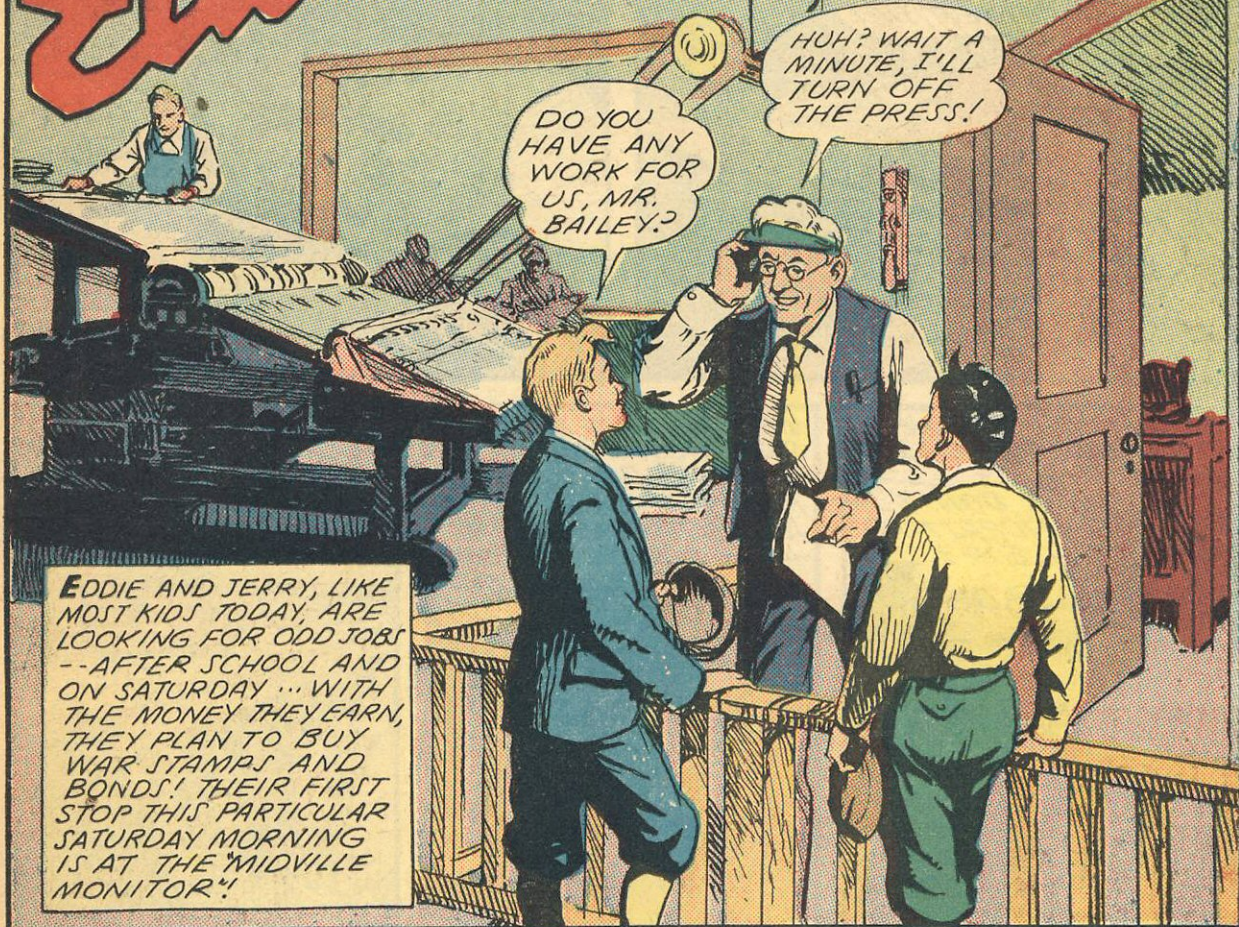
AND, THE FLOODING WATERS WROUGHT A TELLING DAMAGE TO NAZI INDUSTRY IN THE GREAT RUHR VALLEY!





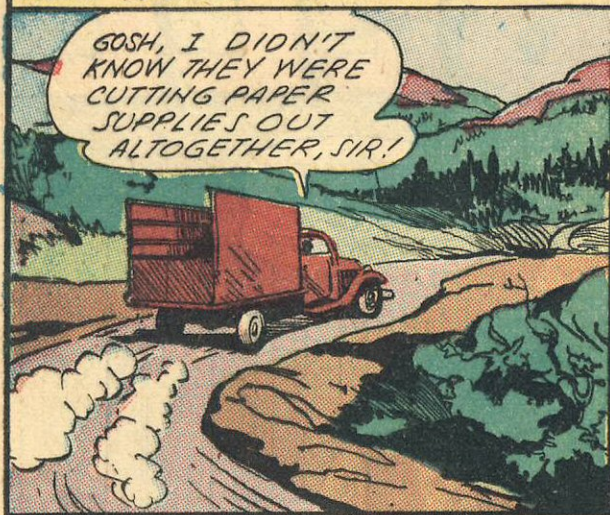
FOR THIS, AND OTHER OF HIS EXPLOITS, COMMANDER GIBSON HAS BEEN DECORATED WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS, THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER (TWICE) AND THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (TWICE)

Edison BELL



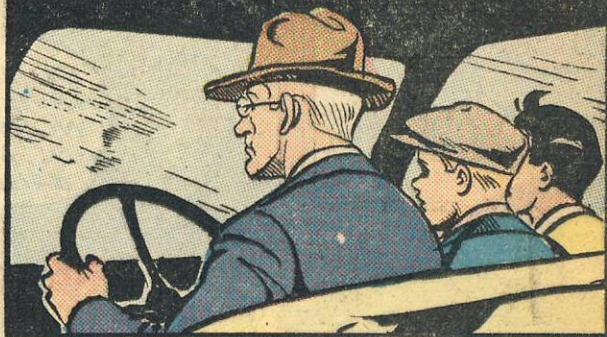
AFTER THE PAPER HAS BEEN ROLLED OFF THE PRESS, EDDIE AND JERRY START UPSTATE WITH MR. BAILEY.

GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE CUTTING PAPER SUPPLIES OUT ALTOGETHER, SIR!



OH, IT ISN'T THAT, EDDIE... YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN GETTING MY SUPPLIES FROM AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, MR. HARDING!

IS THAT THE MAN THEY CALL "HARD WOOD" HARDING? I'VE HEARD MY DAD TALK ABOUT HIM!

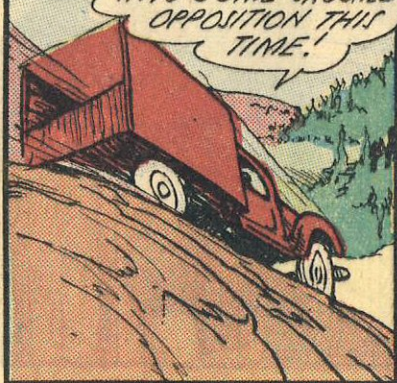


THAT'S RIGHT... BUT, HE'S NOT 'HARD' ENOUGH, I'M AFRAID!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR?

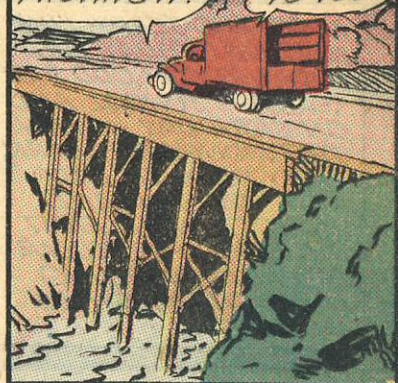


WELL, HARDING IS VERY STRICT ABOUT ALWAYS DOING THE RIGHT THING--PLAYING SQUARE! IT SEEMS THAT HE'S RUN INTO SOME CROOKED OPPOSITION THIS TIME!



AND, THIS CROOK IS AFTER HIS PAPER--BUT HARDING HAS NO WAY OF PROVING IT!

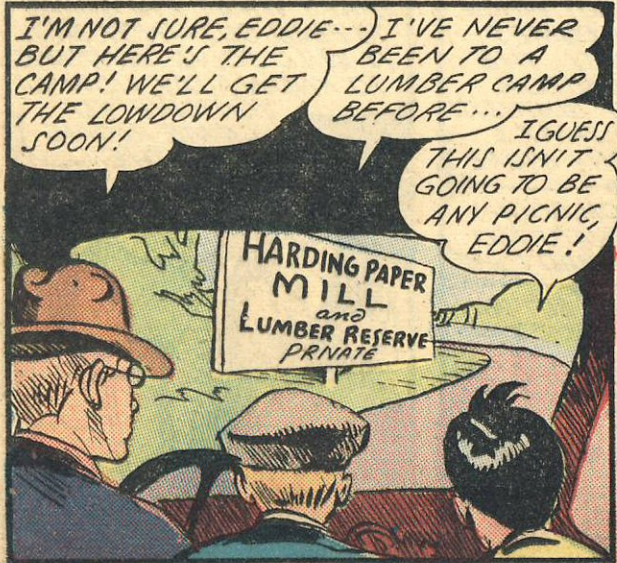
BUT WHY SHOULD THAT AFFECT THE PAPER SUPPLY TO YOU?



I'M NOT SURE, EDDIE... BUT HERE'S THE CAMP! WE'LL GET THE LOWDOWN SOON!

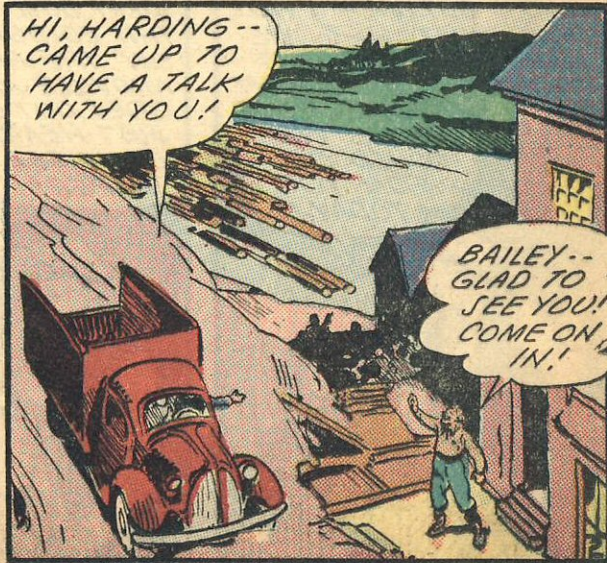
I'VE NEVER BEEN TO A LUMBER CAMP BEFORE...

IGUESS THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY PICNIC, EDDIE!



HI, HARDING--CAME UP TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU!

BAILEY--GLAD TO SEE YOU! COME ON IN!

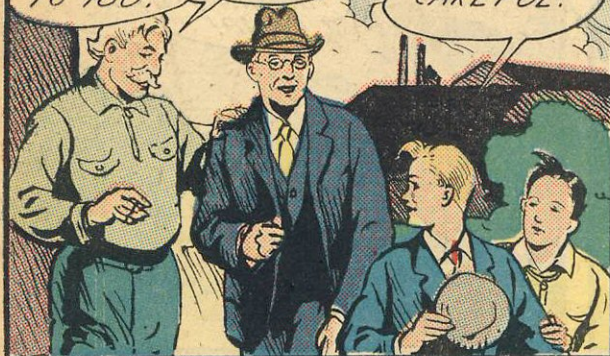


EDDIE AND JERRY ARE INTRODUCED...

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, BOYS -- JUST TROT AROUND AND SEE ANYTHING THAT LOOKS INTERESTING TO YOU!

CAREFUL NOW!

THANKS-- WE'LL BE CAREFUL!



NOW, HARDING, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON UP HERE!

GEE, THIS IS A BIG PLACE, ISN'T IT, EDDIE?



LATER...

CAREFUL NOW, JERRY --

YEAH--SAY, SOUNDS LIKE A FALLS -- A BIG ONE! JUST LISTEN TO IT!



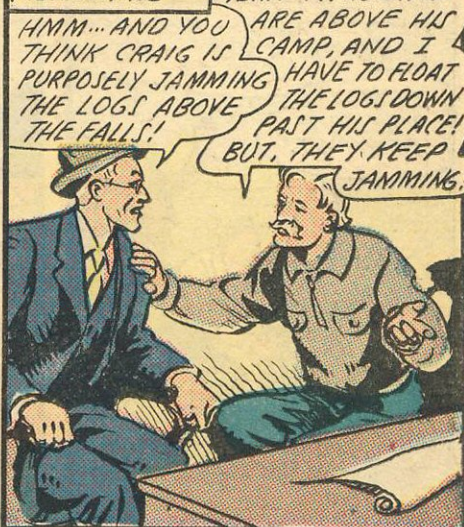
NOT MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE IN SIGNS... BUT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER IF THE BOYS HAD AT LEAST SEEN THIS ONE!

CRAIG PAPER COMPANY
NO TRESPASSING!
BEWARE OF THE DOGS!

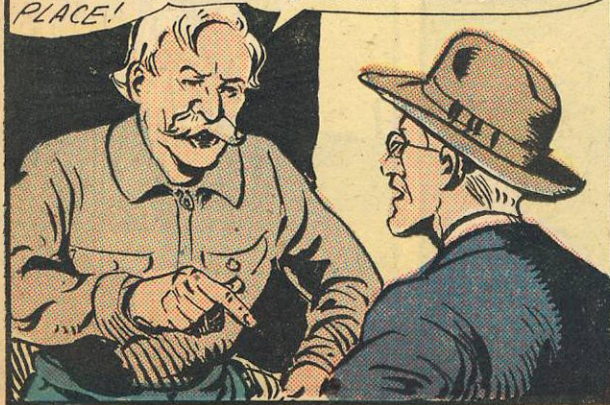


MEANWHILE...

YEAH... MY HOLDINGS ARE ABOVE HIS CAMP, AND I HAVE TO FLOAT THE LOGS DOWN PAST HIS PLACE! BUT, THEY KEEP JAMMING!



I THINK THAT HE'S DIVERTING THE JAMMED LOGS OFF INTO HIS OWN MILL -- MY LOSSES HAVE BEEN TERRIFIC! IT'S HARD TO GET PROOF, THOUGH -- HE'S GOT SEVERAL LARGE AND NASTY DOGS GUARDING THE PLACE!



BACK WITH EDDIE AND JERRY...

LOOK... HERE'S ANOTHER MILL!

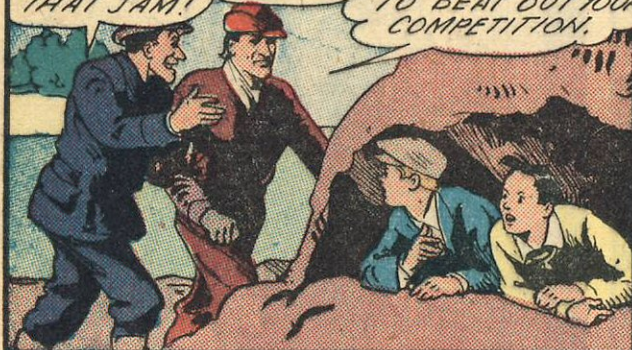
LISTEN... I HEAR SOMEONE COMING! HOPE THEY DON'T MIND US LOOKING AROUND...



HOWEVER, THE BOYS DECIDE IT'S BEST TO DUCK DOWN OUT OF SIGHT WHEN THEY HEAR...

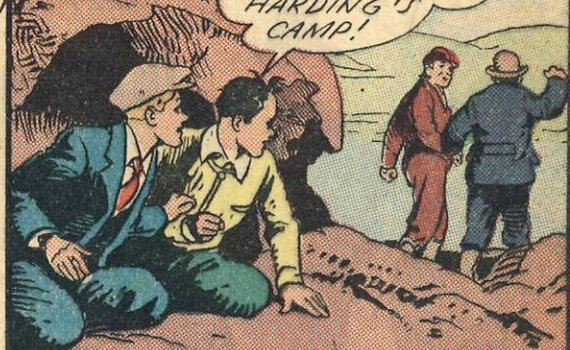
YOU'RE A SMART GUY CRAIG... WHY, IF THIS DOESN'T PUT HARDING RIGHT OUT OF BUSINESS, I'LL EAT EVERY LOG IN THAT JAM!

YOU GOTTA BE SMART IN BUSINESS, FRANK! THAT UNDERWATER NET IS JUST AN EXAMPLE OF HOW TO BEAT OUT YOUR COMPETITION.



DID YOU HEAR THAT? THEY'RE PURPOSELY JAMMING HARDING'S LOGS!

YEAH... THEY NOT ONLY KEEP HIM FROM USING THEM, BUT I'LL BET THAT CRAIG GUY SWIPES THEM FOR HIMSELF! LET'S GET BACK TO HARDING'S CAMP!



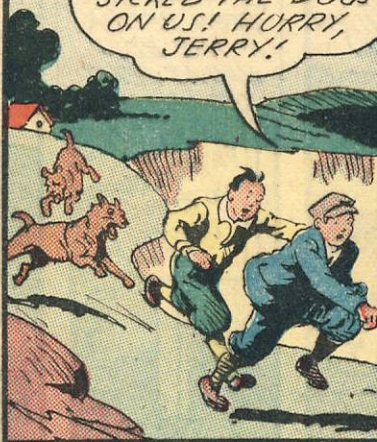
BUT, AS THE BOYS DASH OUT--

HEY-- WHO ARE THOSE KIDS?-- STOP! STOP!
RUN-- THEY'VE SEEN US!



THE BOYS MANAGE TO OUTRUN THE MEN, BUT...

GOSH-- THE'VE SICKED THE DOGS ON US! HURRY, JERRY!



WHA... JERRY! HEY! OH, HOLY SM...

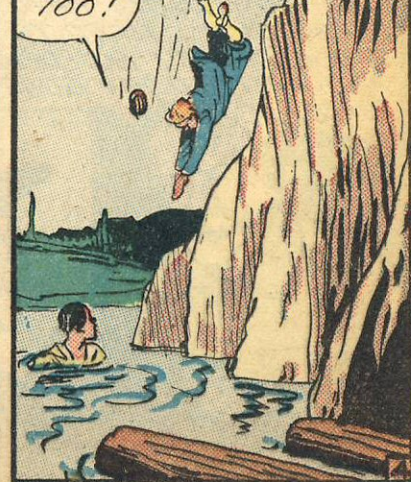
GRRWFFF!
GRRR!

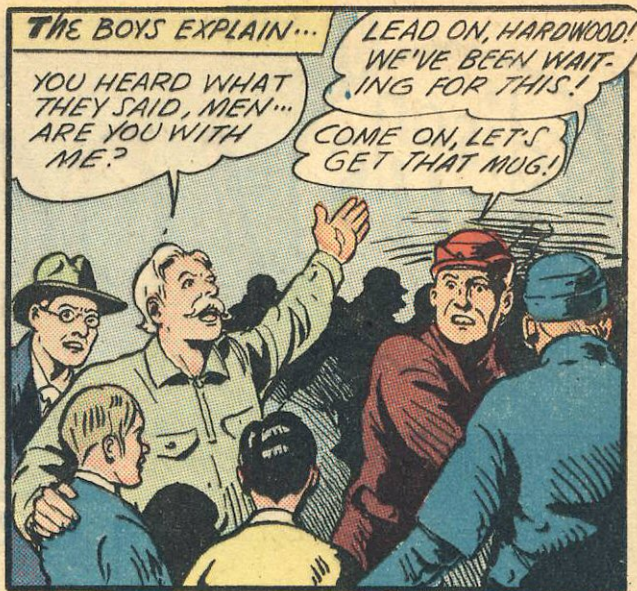
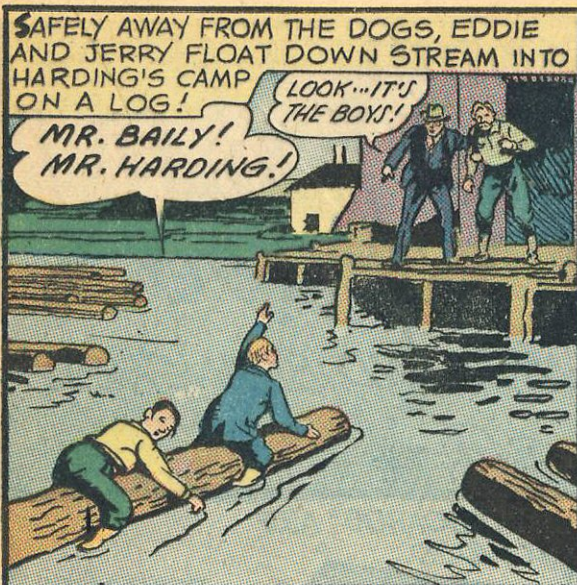


AS EDDIE HESITATES, THE DOGS LEAP FOR HIM! OH, GOSH!



MOVE OVER, PAL-- I'M COMIN' TOO!





Edison
BELL'S

MODEL

LOG CABIN

"OUT OF TWIGS AND BRANCHES!"

By *AY* *Will*

HI, GANG!... HERE'S HOW TO
MAKE THAT MODEL OF
LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE...EVEN
FORT CUSTER!

ROOF PEAK "BOARDS" ARE
FLAT BOX WOOD.

REINFORCE
ROOF "LOGS"
WITH TWO
BOX WOOD
"BOARDS"
UNDERNEATH.

NAIL
THE
END
"LOGS"
ON.

TO MAKE DOOR AND
WINDOWS, SAW THE "LOGS"
ALL AT ONCE TO GET
THEM EVEN ...

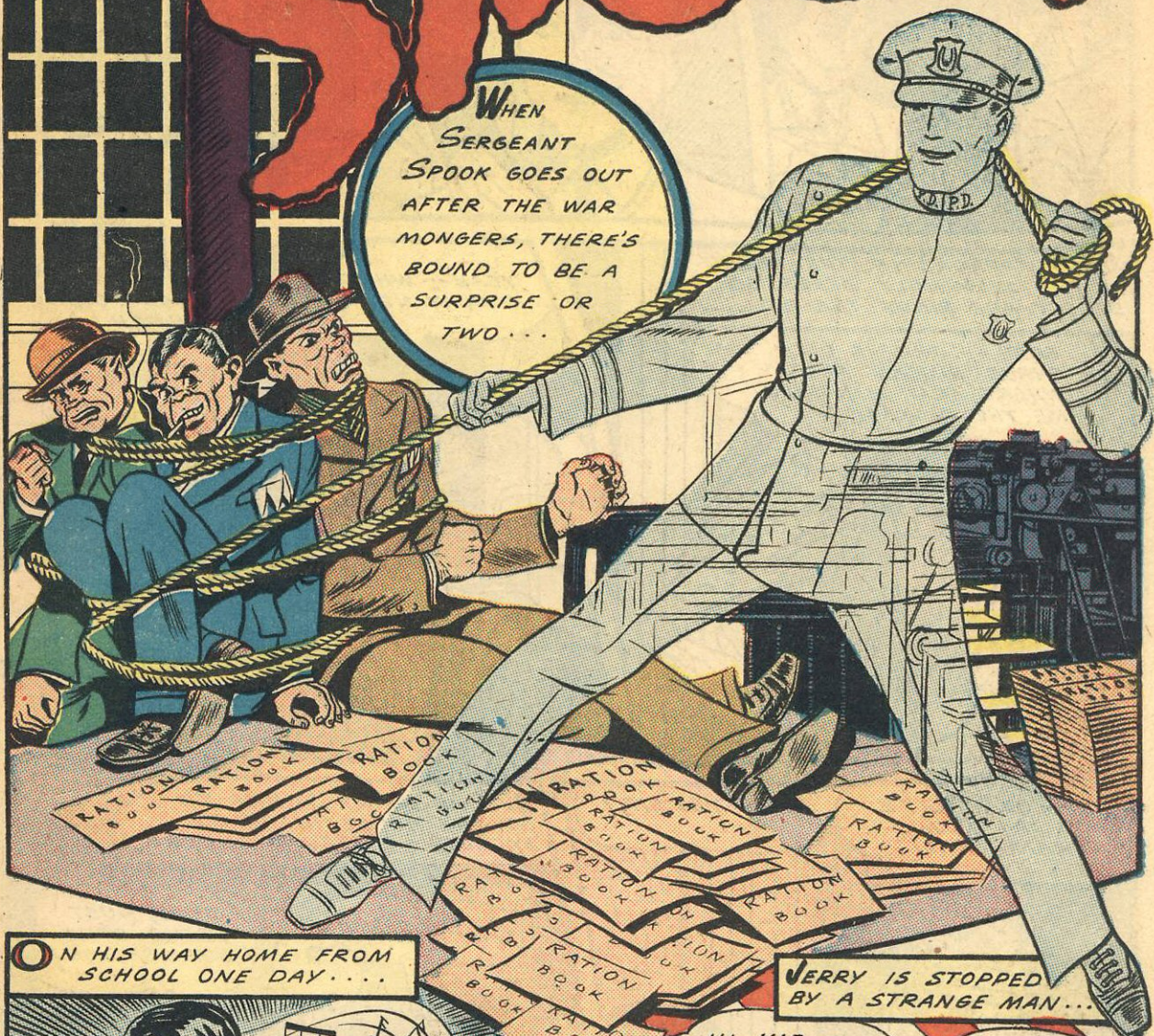
PLASTER OF
PARIS CEMENTS
"LOGS" IN
PLACE!

THE ENTIRE CONSTRUCTION
IS AS SIMPLE AS THIS...NOTCH
EACH BRANCH AT ENDS SO
THAT THEY FIT INTO ONE
ANOTHER!

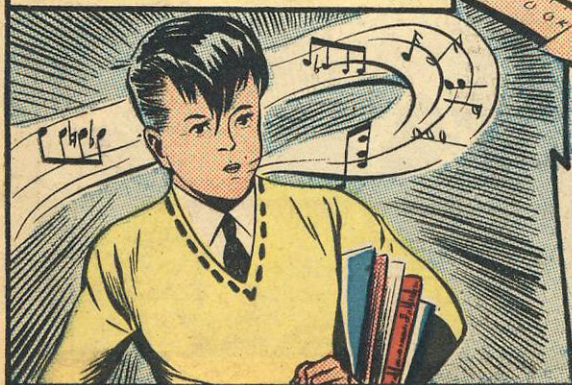
A SWELL ADDITION TO YOUR CABIN...AND
YOU CAN DESIGN YOUR OWN, BY THE WAY...
USE SMALL STONES AND PEBBLES FOR
MASONRY AND CHIMNEYS! ...USE YOUR
PLASTER OF PARIS THROUGHOUT!

LET'S GO!
...AND REMEMBER...
...GET YOUR
BRANCHES FROM
DEAD OR FALLEN
TREES! PRESERVE
GROWING
THINGS!

Sergeant Spook

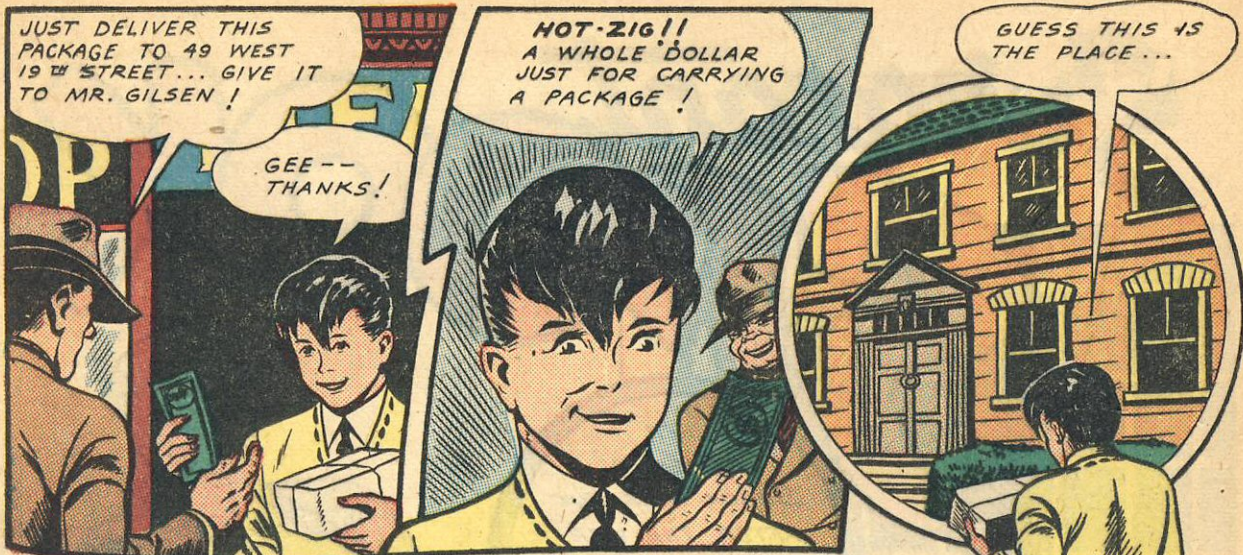


ON HIS WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL ONE DAY....



JERRY IS STOPPED BY A STRANGE MAN...



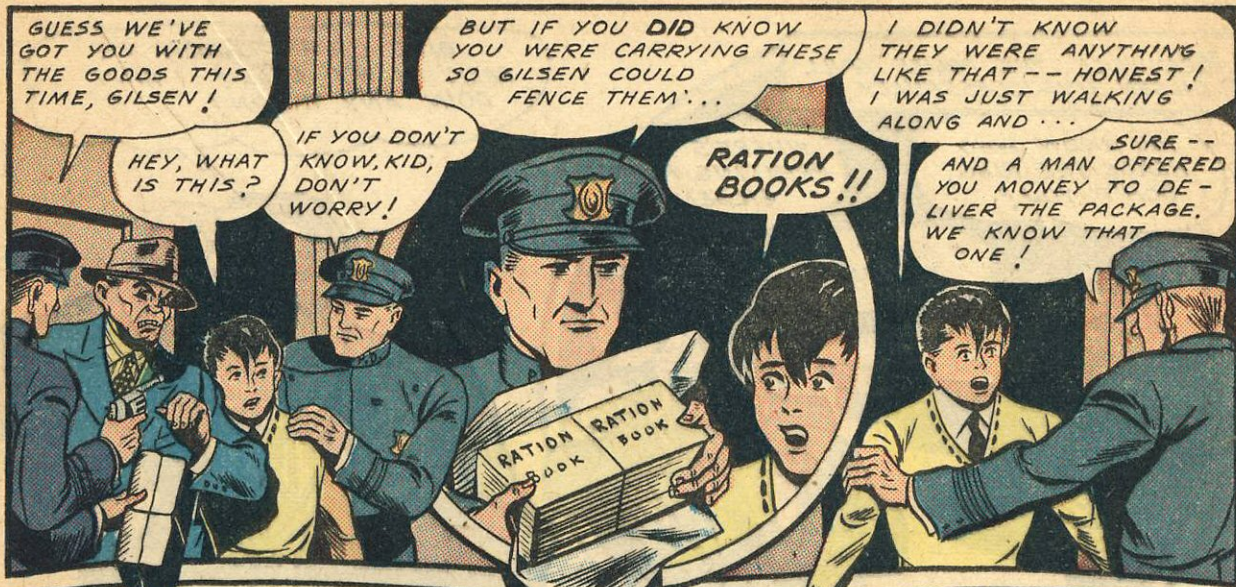


JERRY APPROACHES. THE HOUSE IN THE SEEMINGLY DESERTED STREET AND RINGS THE BELL...



BUT, AS JERRY TURNS TO GO, THE HOUSE IS RINGED BY BLUE-COATED FIGURES!





GUESS WE'VE GOT YOU WITH THE GOODS THIS TIME, GILSEN!

HEY, WHAT IS THIS?

IF YOU DON'T KNOW, KID, DON'T WORRY!

BUT IF YOU DID KNOW YOU WERE CARRYING THESE SO GILSEN COULD FENCE THEM'...

I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE ANYTHING LIKE THAT -- HONEST! I WAS JUST WALKING ALONG AND ...

RATION BOOKS!!

SURE -- AND A MAN OFFERED YOU MONEY TO DELIVER THE PACKAGE. WE KNOW THAT ONE!

JERRY IS HELD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, IN SPITE OF HIS PROTESTATIONS!

GOSH -- HOW CAN I MAKE THE POLICE BELIEVE ME?

4TH PRECINCT

BUT, SPOOK COMES TO THE RESCUE ---

WHY, JERRY -- DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE!

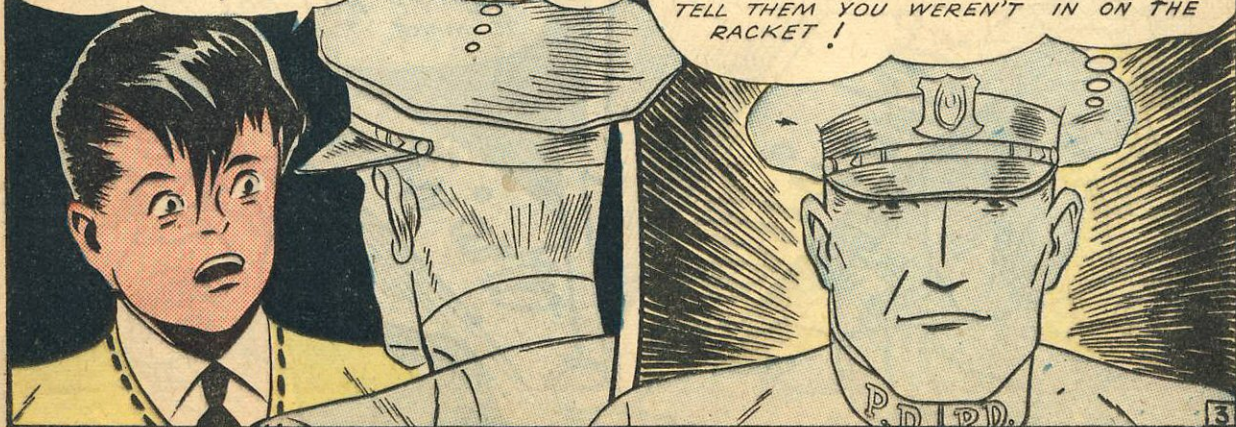
SPOOK!! OH, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

JERRY TELLS HIS TALE OF WOE --

AND THE POLICE SEEM TO THINK I'M A PART OF THE GANG!

H-MM--GILSEN WON'T CLEAR YOU, EH?

ON SECOND THOUGHT, HE'D HAVE TO SPILL ALL THE BEANS IN ORDER TO CLEAR YOU -- THE POLICE MIGHT THINK HE WAS UP TO SOMETHING IF HE TRIED TO TELL THEM YOU WEREN'T IN ON THE RACKET!



MEANWHILE, THE POLICE GRILL GILSEN UNSUCCESSFULLY!

YOU KNOW WHO HEADS THE RING, DON'T YOU?

WHERE'S THE PRINTING PLANT, GILSEN?

I AIN'T TALKIN'!

GIVE UP -- THROW ME BACK IN MY CELL! I AIN'T DOIN' ANY TALKIN'!

BUT SPOOK HAS OTHER IDEAS ABOUT HOW TO MAKE GILSEN TELL WHAT HE KNOWS ---

BACK IN HIS CELL, GILSEN SNEERS...

HA! HA! THEY CAN'T MAKE ME TALK! MARCO'LL GET ME A GOOD LAWYER AND ...

YIPE!! I'M SEEIN' THINGS! WHO'S WRITIN' ON THE FLOOR?!

YUP-- THIS QUESTION OUGHT TO GET A RISE OUT OF HIM!

WHA--- I'M GOIN' BATTY!! WHERE'D THAT WRITIN' COME FROM?? NO! NO! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT GO AWAY!

IT'S NOT AS EASY AS
YOU THINK, GILSEN!
WHO IS MARCO?

YAHH-- NOW
SOMETHING'S GOT ME
BY THE THROAT!!!
HELP!

I SHOULD THINK
YOU'D BE PRETTY
SCARED BY NOW...

YAGHH-- LET
ME GO! I'LL
TELL!! I'LL TALK!

MARCO-- TRENTON
MEAT SHOP-- THAT'S
WHERE THE PRINTING
PRESS IS!

THAT'S ALL
I WANTED TO
KNOW!

SPOOK-- DID
YOU FIND
OUT?

YES-- HERE'S
WHAT I WANT
YOU TO DO,
JERRY...

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

4TH
PRECINCT

NOW FOR THE
TRENTON MEAT
SHOP-- ODD PLACE
FOR A COUNTERFEIT-
ING OUTFIT!

SPOOK ARRIVES AT THE
ADDRESS AND STANDS OUTSIDE
FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO WATCH

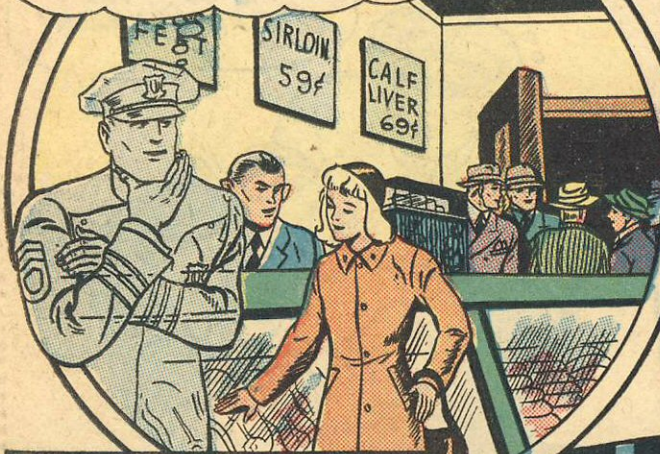
TRENTON MEAT SHOP
BEEF-VEAL

Fresh
EGGS

HMM-- QUITE
A BUSY PLACE!
VERY BUSY!

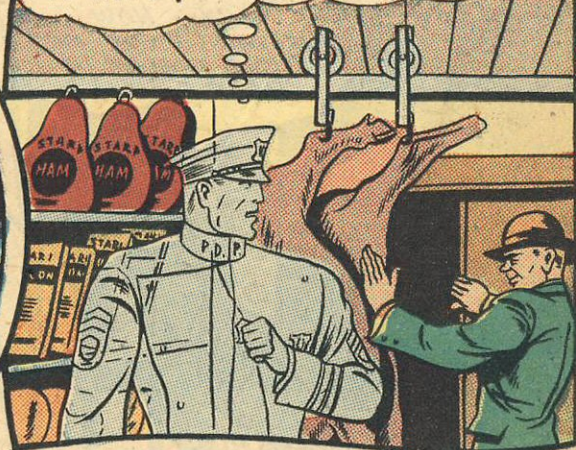
INSIDE --

HMM -- CUSTOMERS
GOING INTO THE REFRIGERATOR --
THAT'S SOMETHING NEW!



SPOOK FOLLOWS --

AHH -- THINGS ARE CLEARING UP!
THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR
IN HERE!



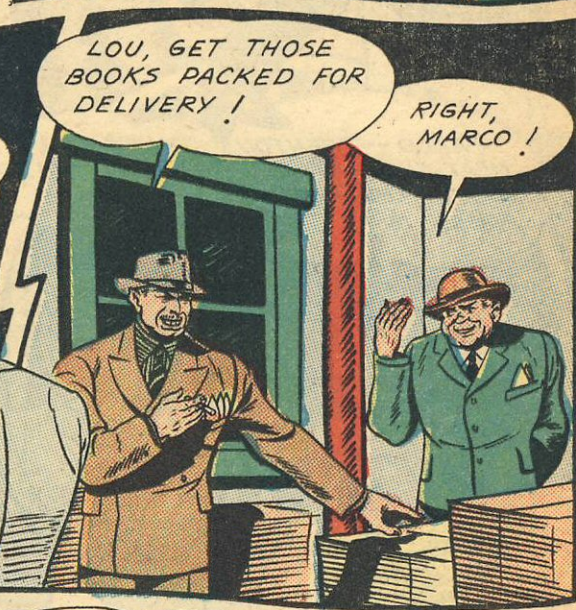
INSIDE THE SECRET ROOM,
SPOOK FINDS ALL THE
EVIDENCE NEEDED ...

WOW ---
THE PRINTING PRESS --
NEW BOOKS -- AND THE
REST OF THE GANG!
WHAT A HAUL!



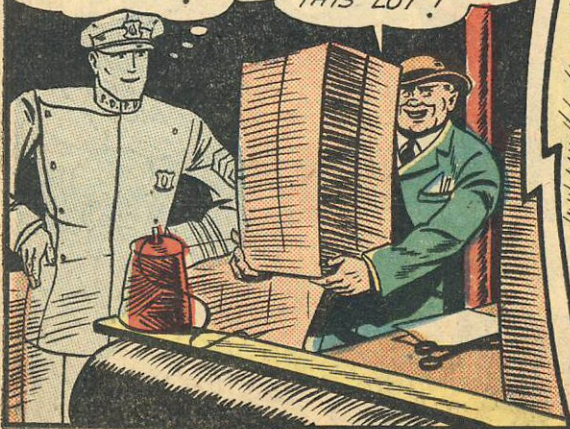
LOU, GET THOSE
BOOKS PACKED FOR
DELIVERY!

RIGHT,
MARCO!



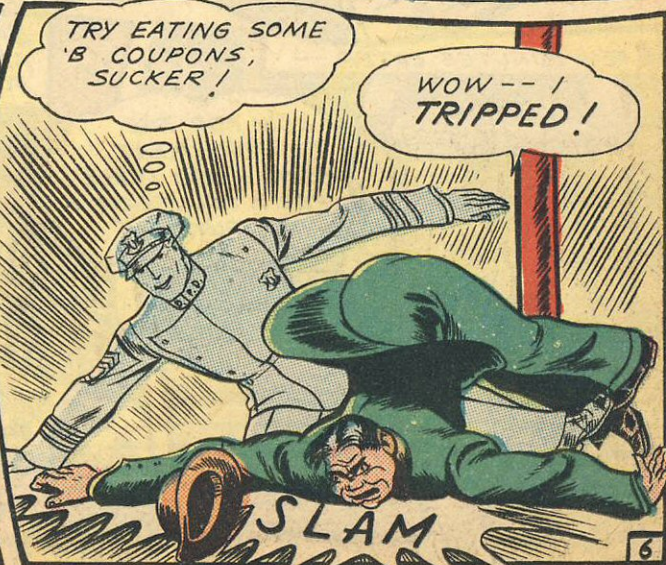
HOT DOG -- HERE'S
MY CHANCE TO PUT
A CRIMP IN THE
BUSINESS!

OH, BOY, MARCO --
THERE MUST BE
TEN GRAND IN
THIS LOT!

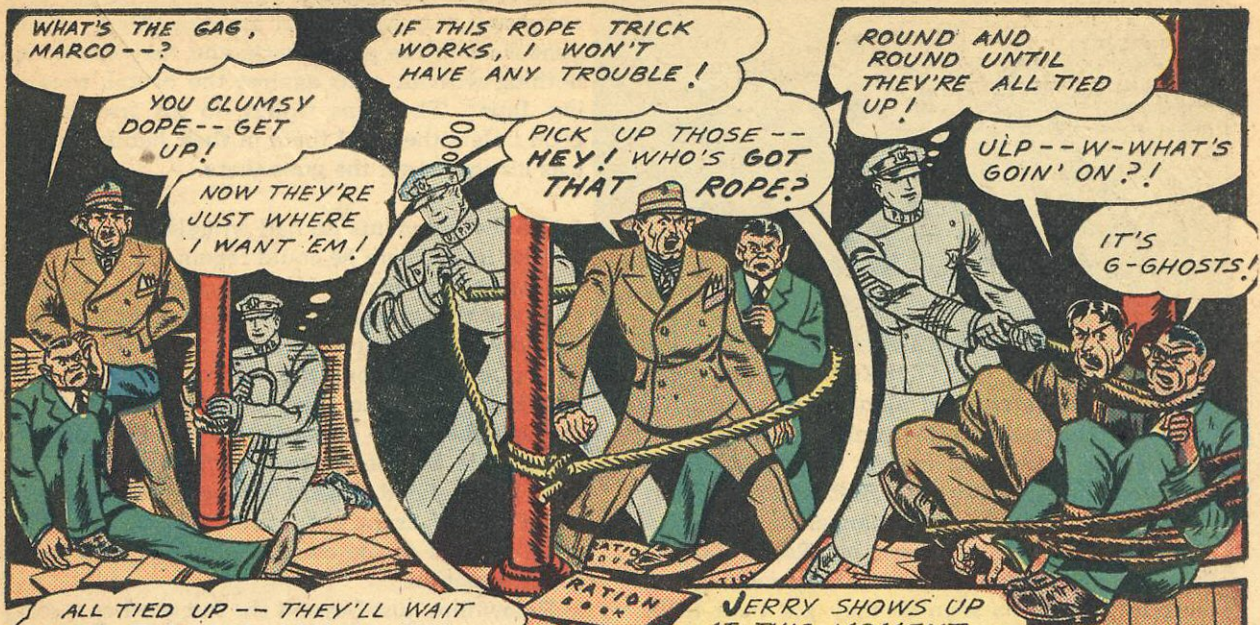


TRY EATING SOME
'B COUPONS,
SUCKER!

WOW -- I
TRIPPED!



SLAM



WHAT'S THE GAG, MARCO--?

YOU CLUMSY DOPE-- GET UP!

NOW THEY'RE JUST WHERE I WANT 'EM!

IF THIS ROPE TRICK WORKS, I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

PICK UP THOSE-- HEY! WHO'S GOT THAT ROPE?

ROUND AND ROUND UNTIL THEY'RE ALL TIED UP!

UHP-- W-WHAT'S GOIN' ON?!

IT'S G-GHOSTS!

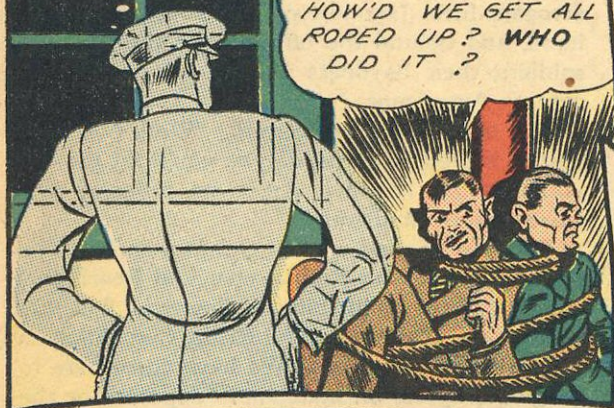
ALL TIED UP-- THEY'LL WAIT FOR THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW TO DRAG THEM IN NOW!

JERRY SHOWS UP AT THIS MOMENT...

I DON'T GET IT-- HOW'D WE GET ALL ROPED UP? WHO DID IT?

WELL, I'LL TELL--- ALL TIED UP!!!

SEE-- JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU YOU'D FIND THEM!



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US SOONER WHERE THIS PLACE WAS?-- I DON'T GET IT! HOW COULD YOU TIE UP THESE GUYS?

OH, GOSH-- IT WAS JUST LUCK!

SO, LATER AS JERRY LEAVES THE POLICE STATION, FREE--

GOSH, TOO BAD I COULDN'T TELL THEM WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!

HUH-- THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE THAT, JERRY! BUT, HEREAFTER, STAY AWAY FROM PEOPLE YOU DON'T KNOW!



The END

A piece of history

MIGUEL FILIPE QUEZON was very happy as he trudged along the grassy path to the boat with the gunny-sack filled with guns, cords, tapes and meters of the American engineers. Mr. Baxter, Mr. Buffington and Mr. Stratman had found the manganese deposits they were looking for here on Relagi Island. Now their job was done and they were going back to Manila as soon as they got their little boat packed with their maps, reports and equipment. What they had found would help to make the Philippines strong and help them to keep those dirty Japs in check—

Suddenly he was not happy. He was afraid.

For where their boat was hidden in the underbrush of the little cove there was now another boat, a powerful, low-slung boat that had the hateful insignia of the Rising Sun painted on its gray hull. Getting out of the boat were eight Japanese soldiers, evil-looking, with bayoneted rifles clutched in their hands.

Filipe dropped down into the undergrowth as if he had been shot. He was not more than twelve feet away from the men and he was almost afraid to draw his breath, for fear of being discovered.

He saw the Jap officer signal for extreme quiet, and then the officer spoke, but Filipe's sharp ears caught the Japanese words and understood them.

"You two remain here. We will go to the camp of the American dogs and return with the maps and plans and reports on the manganese. They cannot know that we wiped out Pearl Harbor yesterday. They will be asleep, as usual."

The Jap officer and five of his men disappeared in the direction of the camp, while the two remaining Japs sat down on the ground, rifles held ready, to guard the boats until the return of their yellow comrades.

Filipe hugged the ground like a snake and dragged the gunny-sack behind him through the undergrowth, careful not to make a sound. He was afraid to breathe for fear a twig would snap and the Japs would hear him.

Yet he had to hurry. He had to get back to

camp and help Mr. Baxter and the others. Their guns were in the gunny-sack, and they could do nothing without guns against the brutal, sneaking Japs. The guns would do his friends no good unless they had them in their hands, and it was his job to get the guns there.

IN a few moments he had wriggled his way to the trail, where he could regain his feet without being seen. He dropped the gunny-sack on the ground, opened it hurriedly and pulled out five revolvers and a big ball of stout fishing cord. Then, with these things in his hands, he began to duck and squirm his way through the dense brush in the direction of the camp. He was brown as a berry, and his lithe, wiry body glided unseen through the jungle.

He finally crept out cautiously on a little knoll in back of the camp. His dark eyes took in the situation.

Below him, just beyond the hut used as a sort of office and cook shack, that nestled up against the knoll, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Stratman and Mr. Buffington were standing, their arms raised helplessly in the air. In front of them stood the arrogant little Japanese officer, a revolver in his hand, and behind the officer were the five Jap soldiers, their bayonets pointed forward at the captive Americans.

Ted Baxter was not afraid. "Well, now that you've busted in on us, maybe you'll let me tell you that this island is American property and we're American citizens!"

The Jap grinned an oily Oriental smile. "The armed forces of our Empire struck at Pearl Harbor yesterday. Your famous American fleet has been scattered or sunk. The Rising Sun will soon subdue the Philippines. We have come here to get your reports on manganese deposits for the Mikado. We, too, can use manganese for our planes, ships and guns."

Filipe was proud of his American friends. The Japs had guns and the Yanks didn't, but they stood there, calm and quiet and not at all as if those yellow soldiers scared them. Mr. Baxter grinned right back at them. "Your Mikado can go climb a tree with the rest of the monkeys! If you think I'll give you our reports, you're just plain goofy!"

THE Jap officer made a motion and one of the Jap soldiers stepped forward and hit Mr. Baxter over the head with the barrel of his rifle. Mr. Baxter fell to the ground. Two of the Japs lifted him up and carried him into the little hut. Then they herded Mr. Stratman and Mr. Buffington into the hut and stood a guard in front of the door.

The Japs piled their rifles in a heap in front of the hut and began to pry open the boxes in which the Americans had packed all of their reports, charts and things, preparatory to leaving the island.

Filipe wasted no time. He knew what he had to do and he did not delay. First he tore a page out of a memo book—wrote on it with a pencil—"When you hear signal shot—break out of hut. Fil." He slipped the piece of paper halfway down the barrel of one of the revolvers. Then he cut a short length of cord off the ball with his knife and tied three of the revolvers together. Cutting another twenty-foot length of cord, he tied one end to the revolvers. Leaning as far out as he dared from the top of the knoll, he tossed the bundle of guns at the opening in the top of the stove-pipe in the roof of the little hut in which his friends were captives.

He was afraid that he would miss his mark, but his aim was perfect and the deadly bundle disappeared into the black maw of the pipe. He carefully let out the remaining cord until he felt the bundle of guns stop. After a moment he felt a gentle tug on the cord, signifying that his friends had gotten the guns.

Filipe immediately crawled away from the knoll like a wriggling snake. He made his way to the west of the camp. He stopped and tied one of the revolvers to the base of a palm tree with cord from the big ball. Then he tied a free end of the big ball to the trigger of the gun and unrolled about fifty feet of line before he cut it off with his knife. Then, moving carefully and quietly to the south of the camp, he tied another gun to another tree. He tied another line to the trigger of this gun. Soon he was able to sneak back to the knoll with the ends of both lines in his hands. A jerk on either line would fire a gun either to the west or south of the camp.

The Japs were still intently searching for the reports on manganese in the boxes of records. Filipe hoped that Mr. Baxter had regained consciousness by now and would be able to use his gun. He waited another long minute and then jerked with all his might on one of the long cords.

A LOUD report boomed out of the jungle to the west and a bullet tore through the leaves, burying itself in the ground in front of the Jap officer. He howled a command and the soldiers leaped up and made a dash for their rifles.

At that moment Mr. Baxter, Mr. Stratman and Mr. Buffington burst out of the hut like erupting volcanoes. They had guns in their

hands. Mr. Baxter socked the sentry over the head and he rolled unconscious on the ground. Then Mr. Baxter hollered, "Stop! Or we'll plug you in your tracks!"

The Japs weren't very brave without guns in their hands. They all stood still and put their hands in the air and hollered excitedly.

Filipe ran out to help his friends. Mr. Baxter grinned and said, "Nice goin', kid. You did a swell job. Give me that ball of cord. We'll tie these fellows up and turn them over to McArthur."

Filipe said, "There are two more of them at the boat, guarding it. They have heard those shots by now and they will be coming to see what happened."

"Thanks, kid." Mr. Baxter hollered some orders to the others. "Carry all you can and herd these guys back to the boat. Thank Heaven they didn't find our manganese reports."

They tied boxes and bags on the Japs' backs and then they started to march into the jungle toward the boat. They had just gotten into the edge of the jungle to the south when Filipe cried out, "Look out, Mr. Baxter! Those other Japs are coming!"

The Japs that had been left to guard the boat were running forward now. Mr. Baxter was in front and he fired his revolver at the leading Jap, and the yellow man toppled over. Then Mr. Baxter fired at the other Jap, but his revolver only made an empty click. The Jap raised his rifle to fire at Baxter, who leaped sideways. The Jap ran forward to get a better shot, but a loud report sounded in back of him and a puff of smoke sifted through the trees. The Jap stumbled forward with a bullet in his back.

Mr. Baxter ran forward quickly and found that the Jap had tripped over the cord tied to the trigger of the gun Filipe had tied to the tree to the south of the camp. His tripping over the cord had pulled the trigger and shot him. Mr. Baxter tied him up and took them all to the boat.

THEY loaded their stuff into the boat, herded the bound Japs aboard, and towed it away toward Manila.

Mr. Baxter patted Filipe on the head. "Fil, I got to tell McArthur about you. One Filipino boy is worth a dozen Japs."

Filipe grinned. He was happy again. Why not? The dirty yellow Japs had stolen his father's land and killed him. These Japs wouldn't steal or kill any more. They'd be prisoners for the duration of the war.

THE END

KRISKO and JASPER

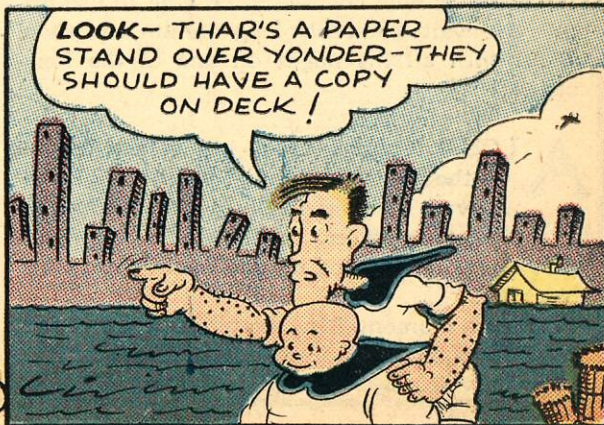
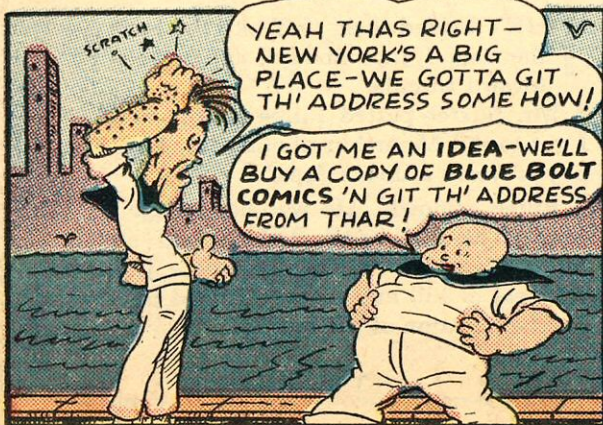
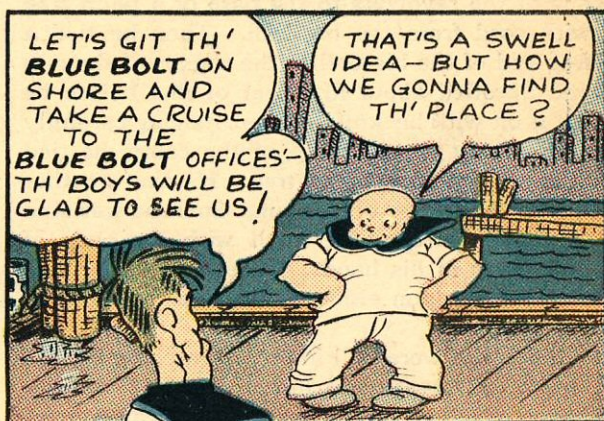
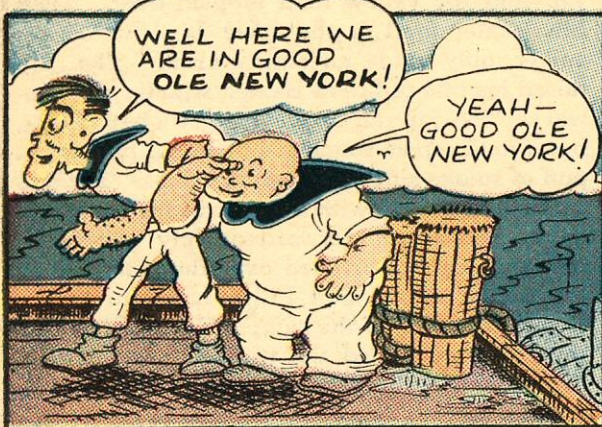
AFTER DROPPING THE SHANGHAIED ENSIGN AND HIS PAL AT PEARL HARBOR, OUR TWO HEROES PROCEED TO SAN FRANCISCO-- BUT ON THEIR WAY A TROPICAL STORM COMES UP WHICH BLOWS THEM OFF THEIR COURSE. THEY TAKE A CHANCE AND KEEP GOING-- UNTIL--

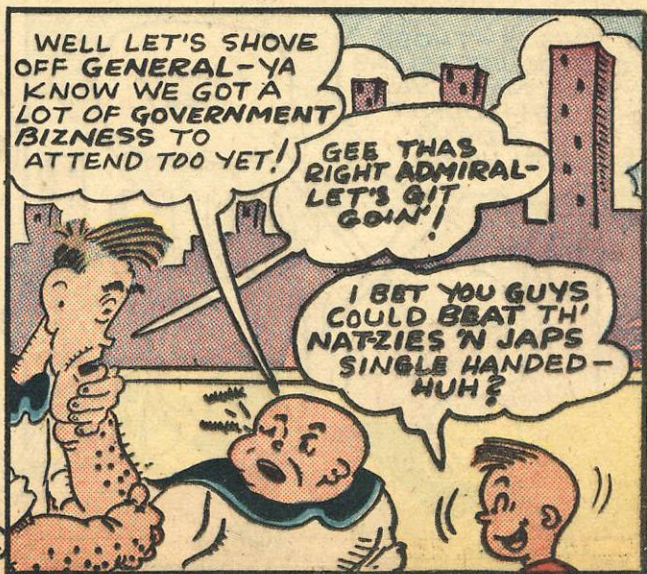
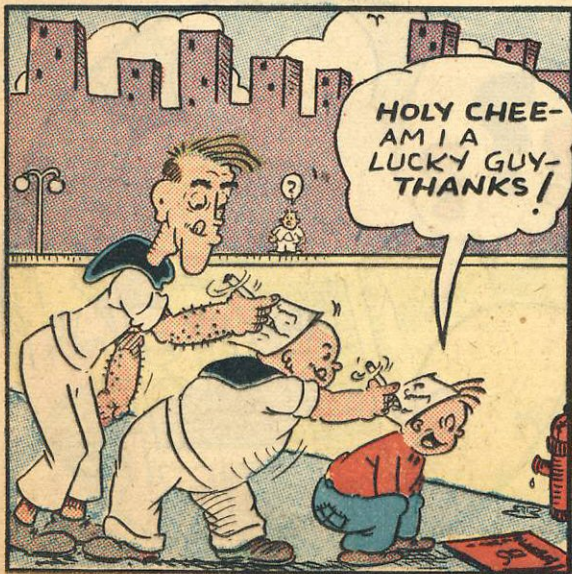
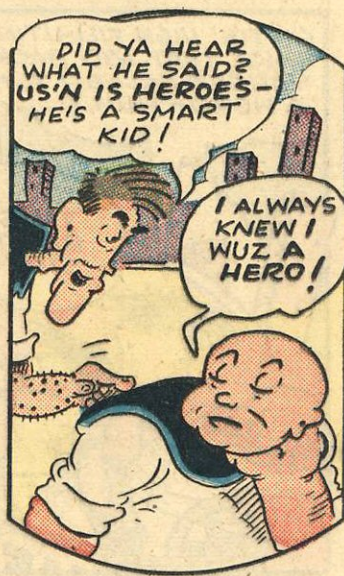
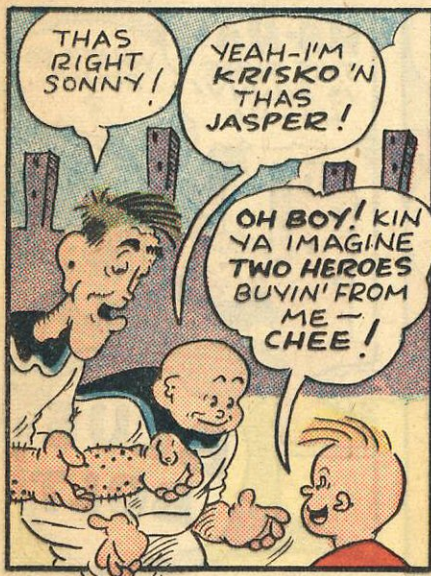
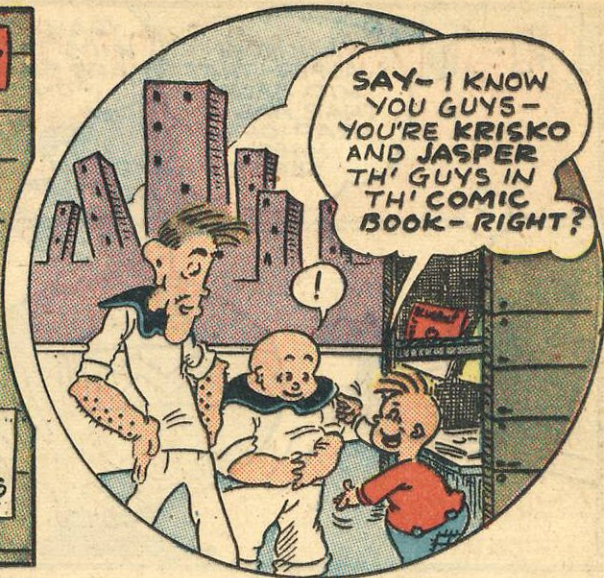
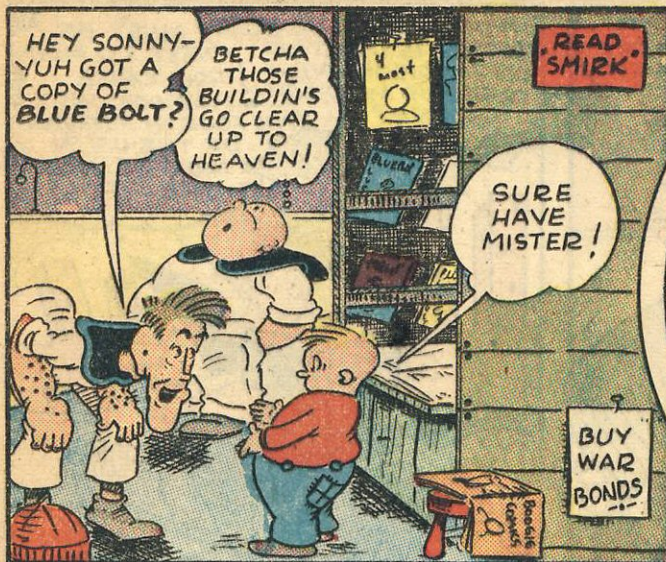
by MILT HAMMER

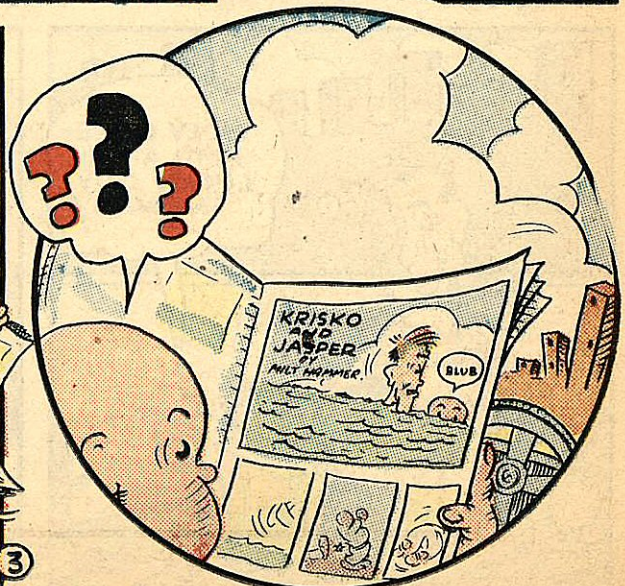
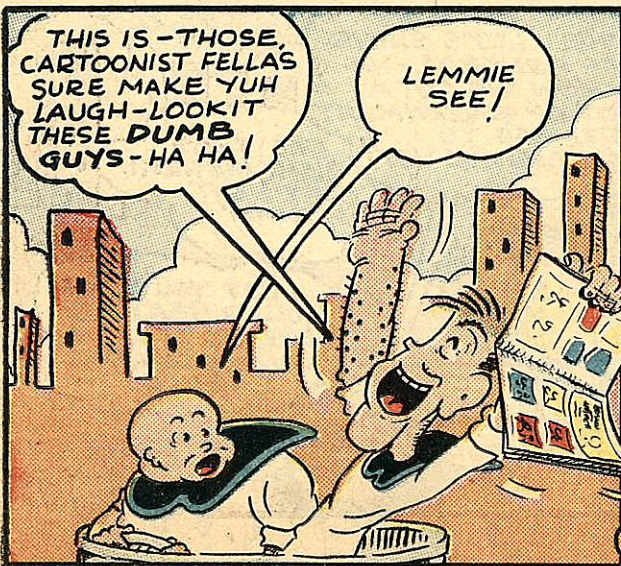
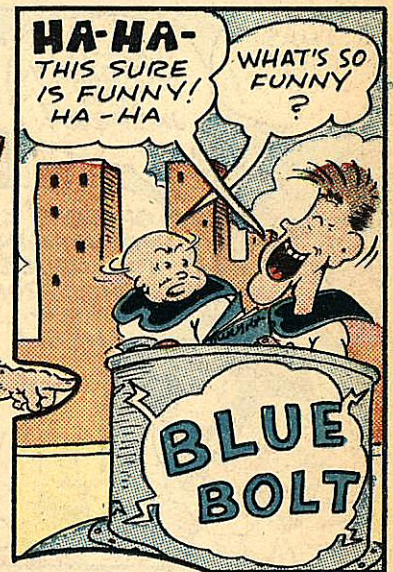
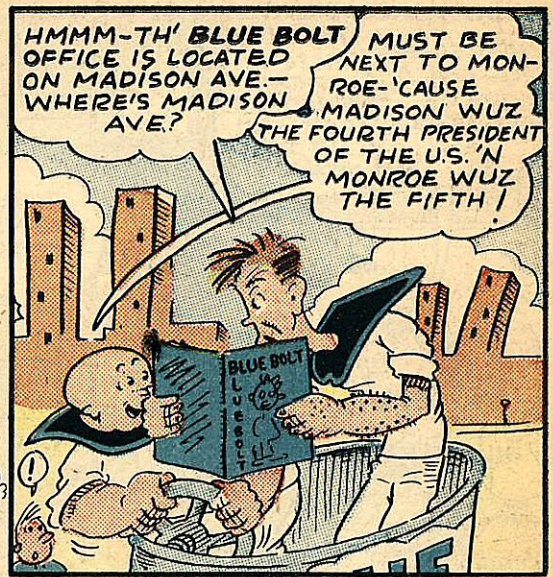
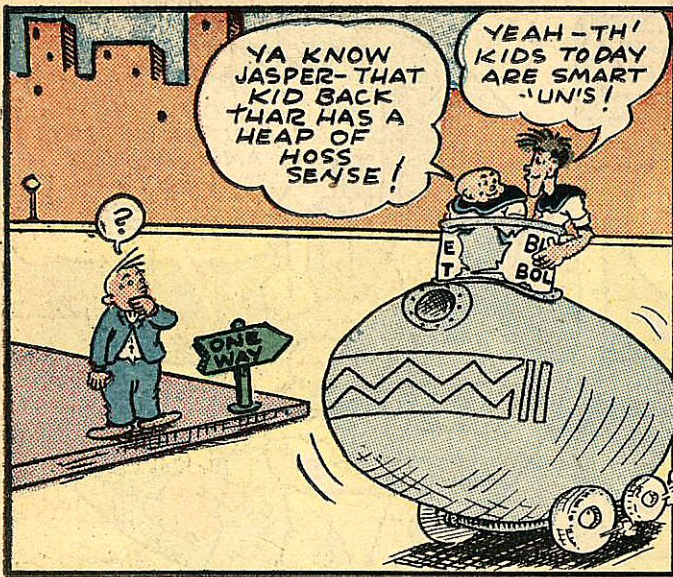
YOU'RE CRAZY!
IT'S NEW YORK!

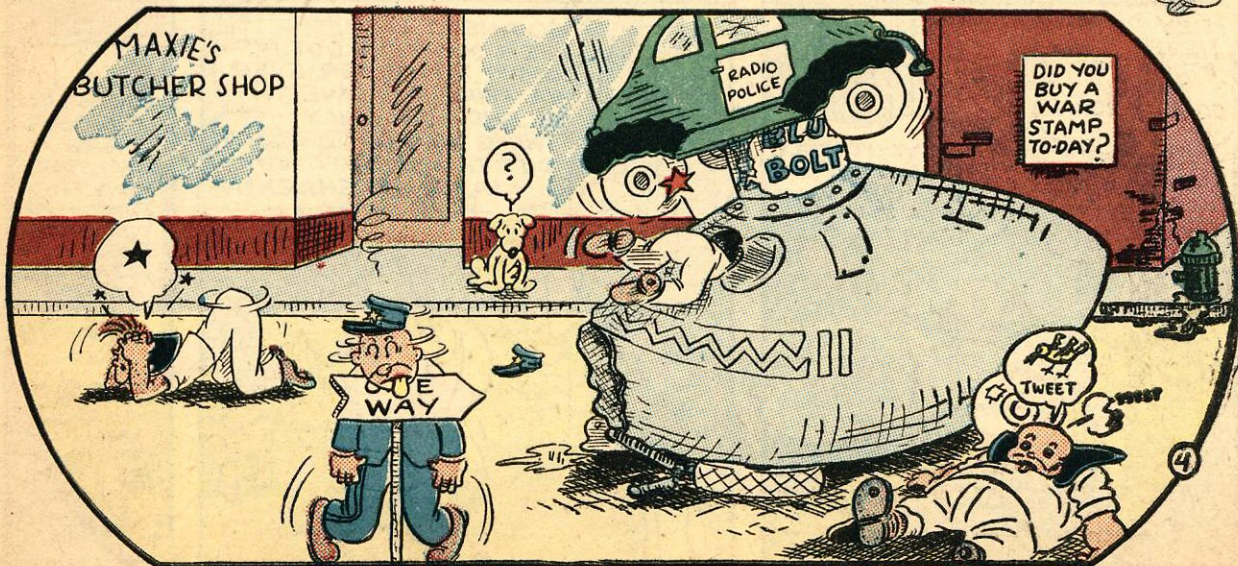
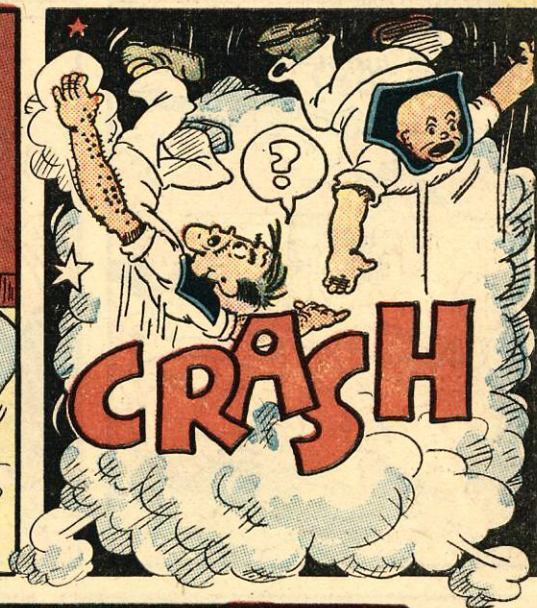
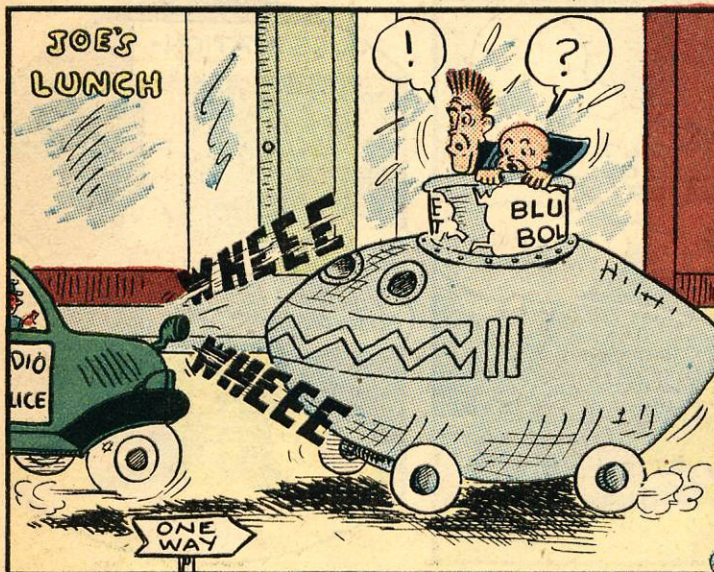
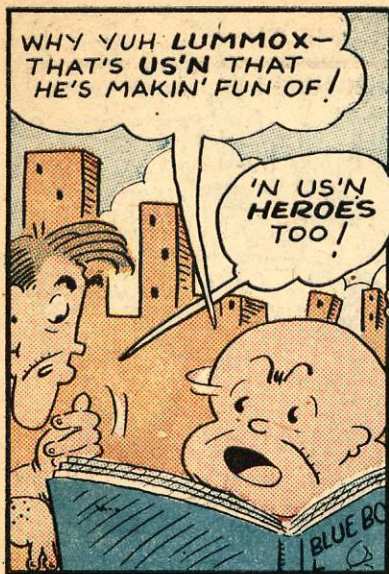
FRISCO!

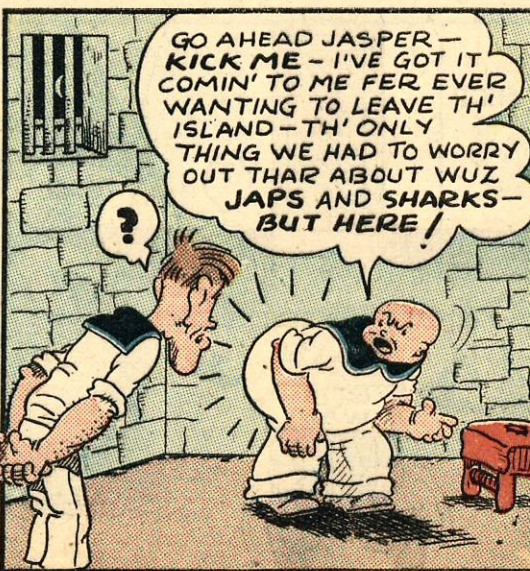
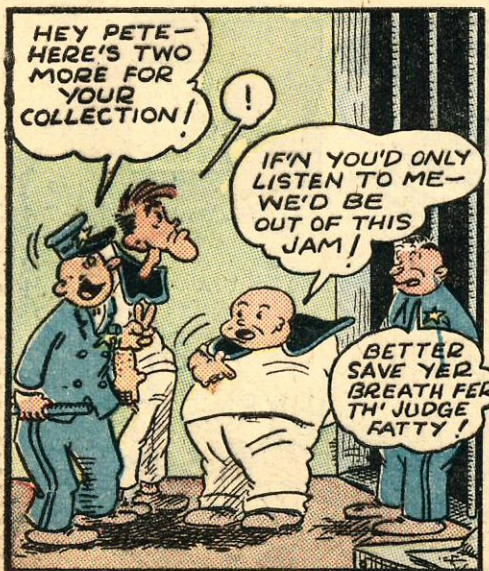
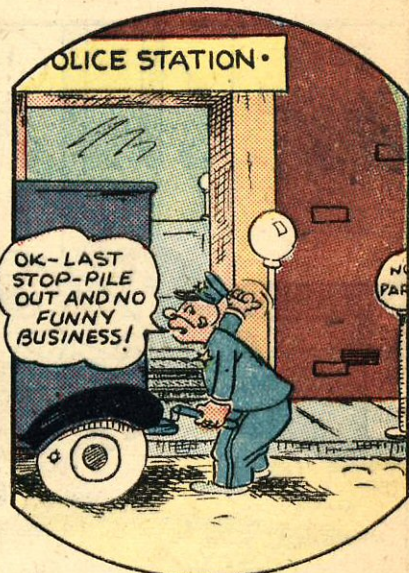
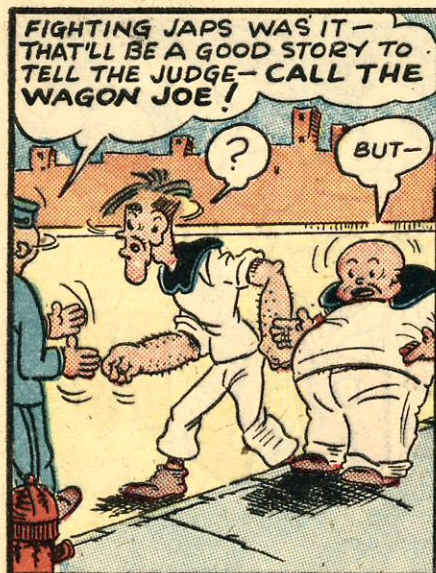
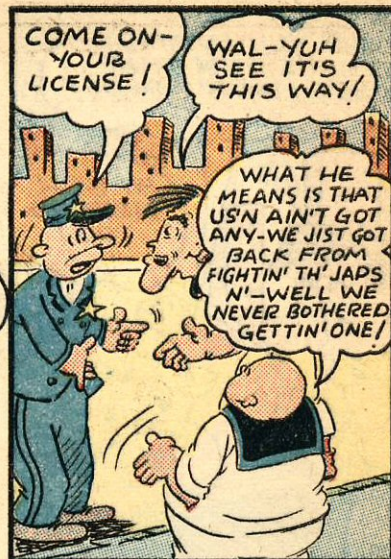
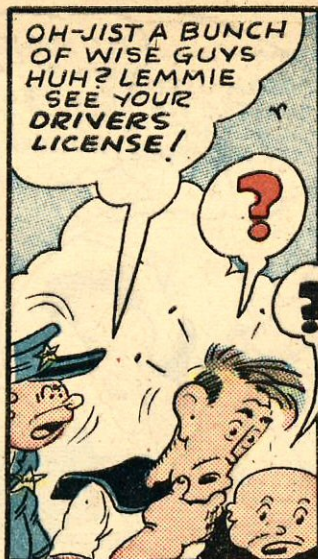
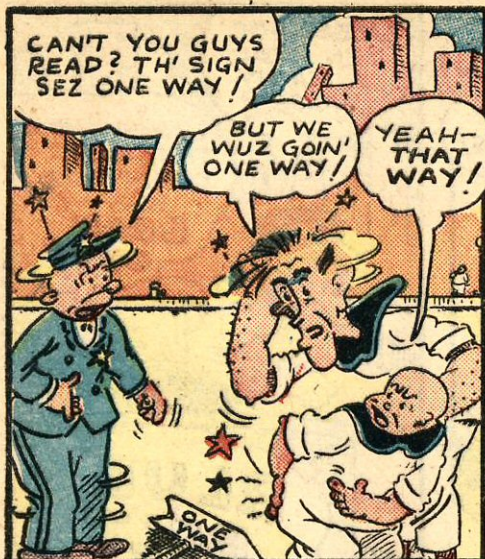
BLUE BOLT





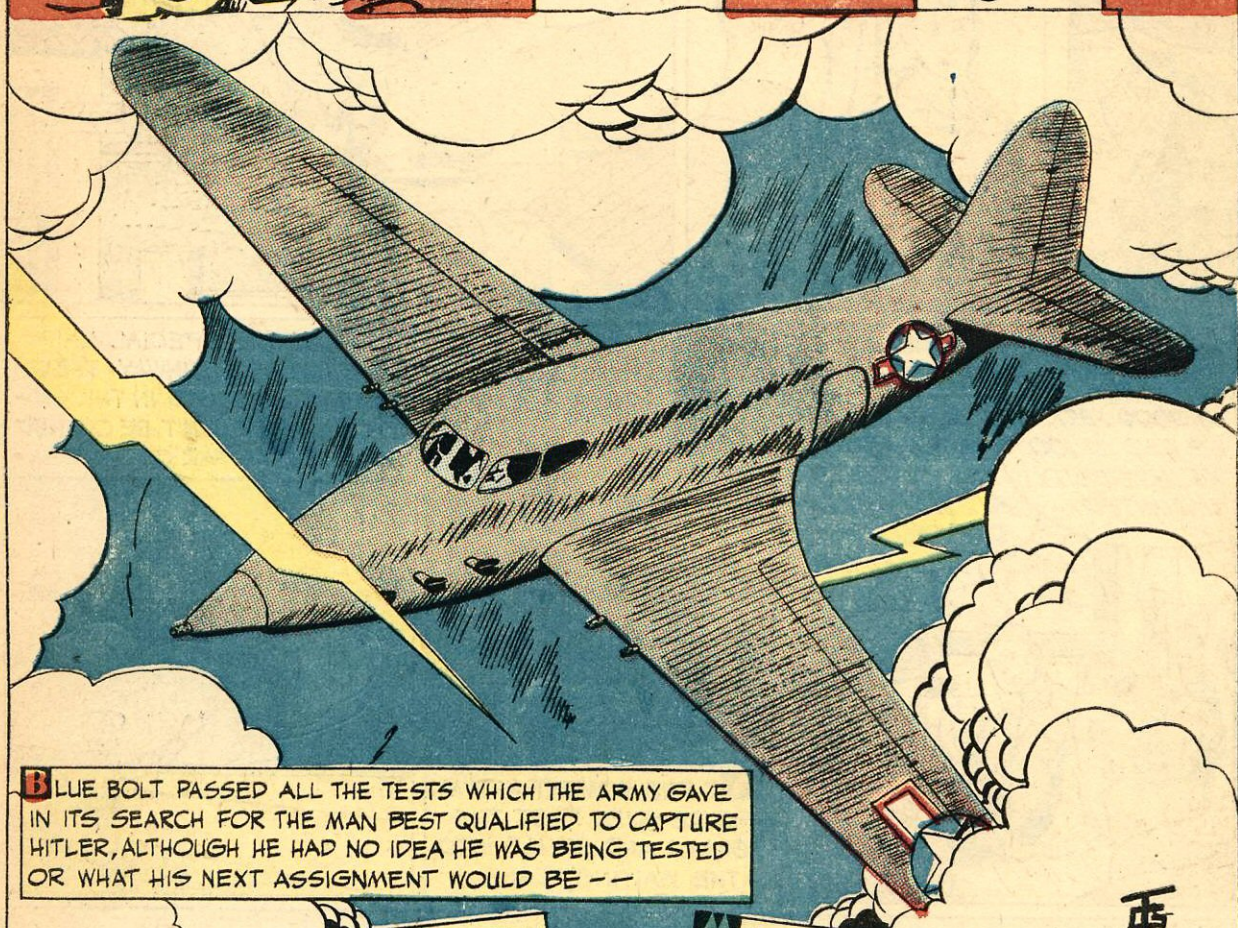




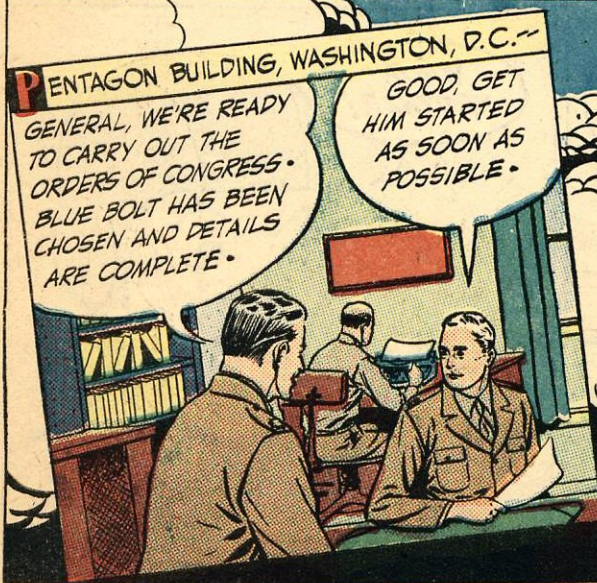


BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



BLUE BOLT PASSED ALL THE TESTS WHICH THE ARMY GAVE IN ITS SEARCH FOR THE MAN BEST QUALIFIED TO CAPTURE HITLER, ALTHOUGH HE HAD NO IDEA HE WAS BEING TESTED OR WHAT HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT WOULD BE --



PENTAGON BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. --

GENERAL, WE'RE READY TO CARRY OUT THE ORDERS OF CONGRESS. BLUE BOLT HAS BEEN CHOSEN AND DETAILS ARE COMPLETE.

GOOD, GET HIM STARTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

MEANWHILE AT AN EASTERN AIR BASE, BLUE BOLT WAITS IT OUT WITH CHARLEY, HIS MECHANIC AND FRIEND.

WHAT A WAY TO FIGHT A WAR! THE ONLY ACTION I SEE IS IN THE MOVIES.

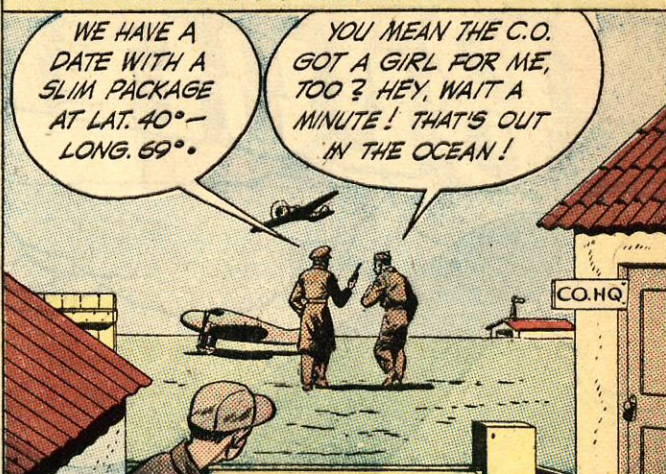
CAREFUL, SIR, EVERY TIME YOU FEEL THIS WAY SOMETHING STARTS TO POP -- AND I THINK IT'S COMING NOW.



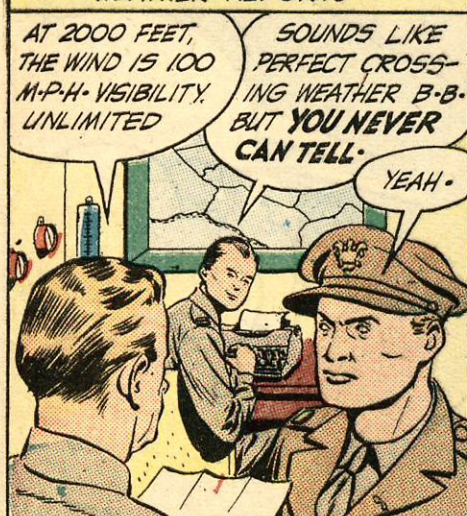
TS



AFTER HEARING AN UNREVEALING OUTLINE OF HIS NEW MISSION, BLUE BOLT IS ORDERED TO TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

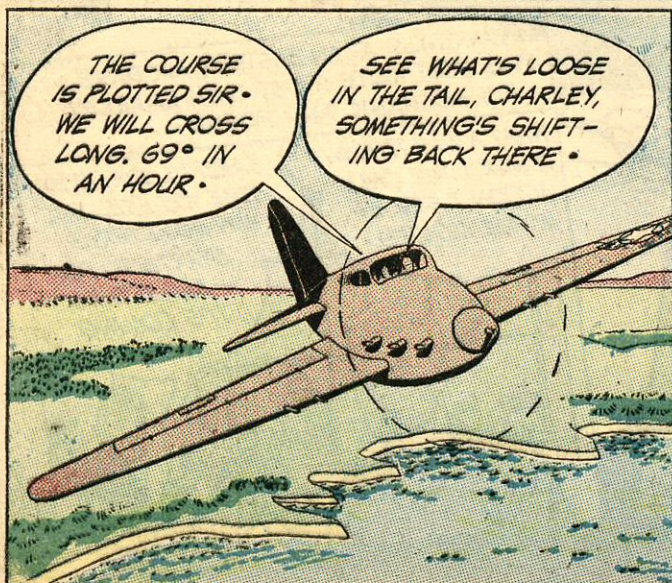
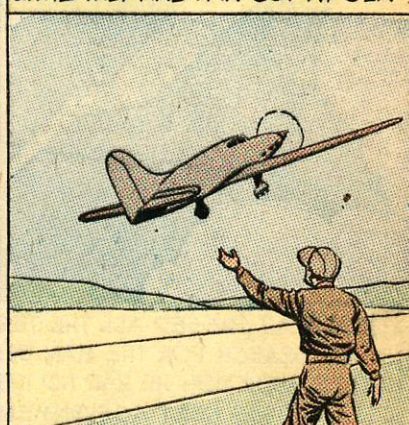


BLUE BOLT NEXT GETS THE LATEST WEATHER REPORTS.



AT THIS MOMENT A TRIM FIGURE SLIPS PAST THE GUARD AND STEALS INTO THE WAITING PLANE.

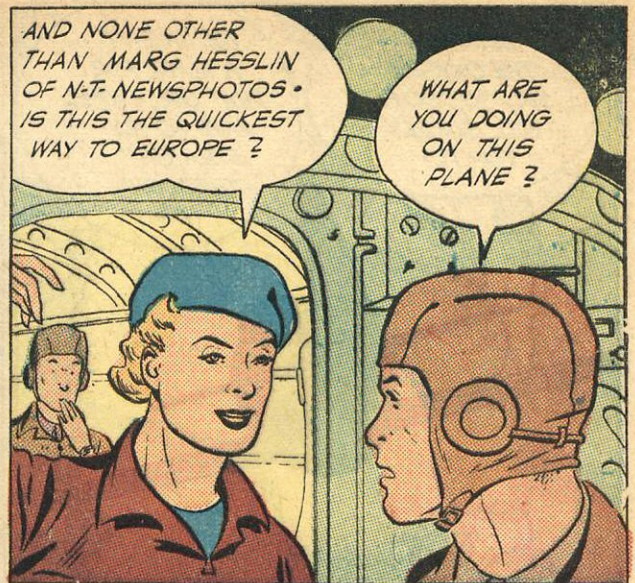
FINALLY THE SPECIAL SHIP SKIMS OVER THE RUNWAY. THEIR DESTINATION RESTS IN THE ENVELOPE WHICH CAN'T BE OPENED UNTIL THEY ARE FAR OUT AT SEA.





DON'T GET
EXCITED,
JUNIOR,
WHERE'S THE
BOSS ?

CREEPS!
IT'S A
GIRL !



AND NONE OTHER
THAN MARG HESSLIN
OF N-T NEWSPHOTOS •
IS THIS THE QUICKEST
WAY TO EUROPE ?

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
ON THIS
PLANE ?



I HAVE TO GET
TO LONDON--BUT
QUICK-- SO I SLIP-
PED ABOARD WHILE
NO ONE WAS
LOOKING • ANY
OBJECTIONS ?

THE NEAREST
YOU'LL GET
TO LONDON
IS THE GUARD
HOUSE AT OUR
NEXT BASE •



WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT! EX-
CUSE ME WHILE I
TAKE A FEW SHOTS
OF THE SCENERY •



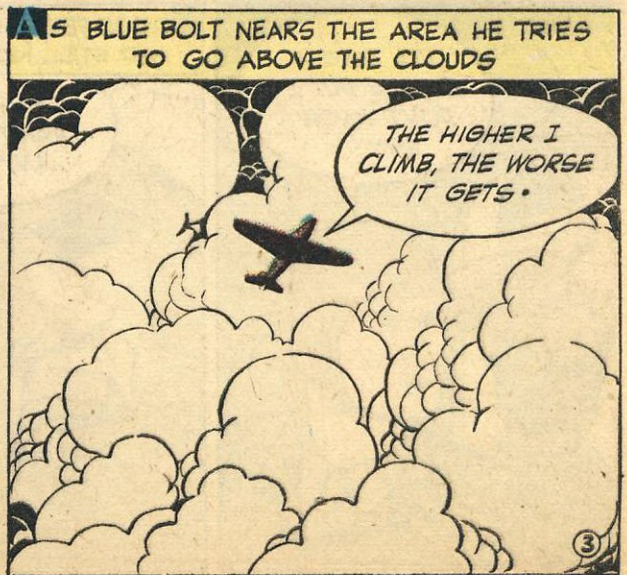
MEANWHILE, ON THE SAME
COURSE A STRICKEN FREIGHTER
WALLOWS, CAUGHT IN ONE OF
THE MANY QUICK STORMS THAT
SWEEP THAT AREA •

S-T-O-R-M
W-A-R-N-I-N-G



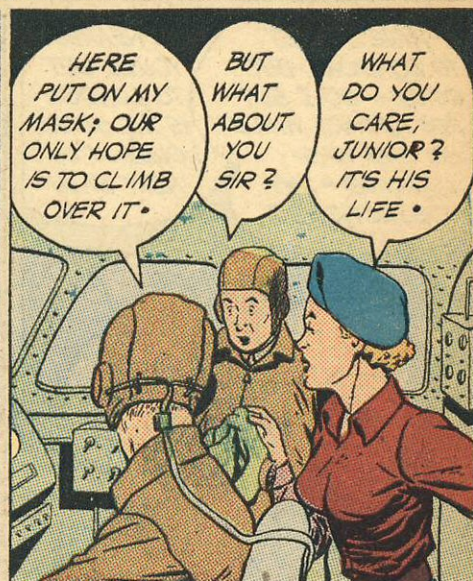
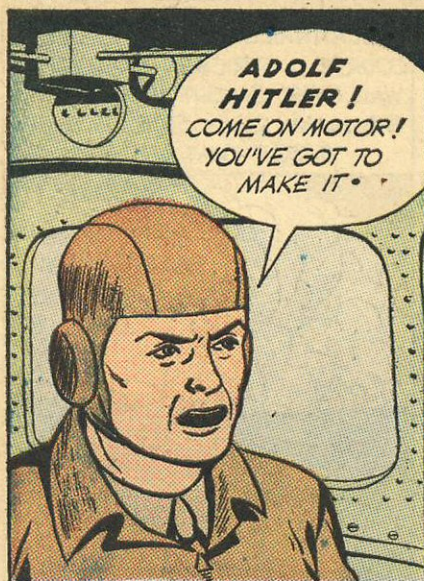
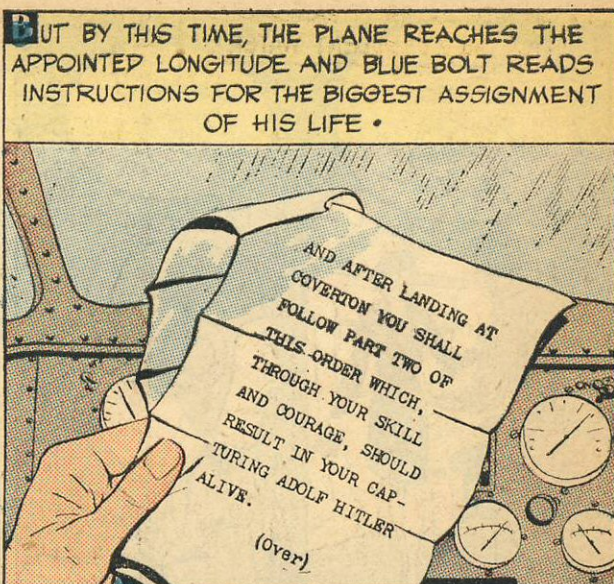
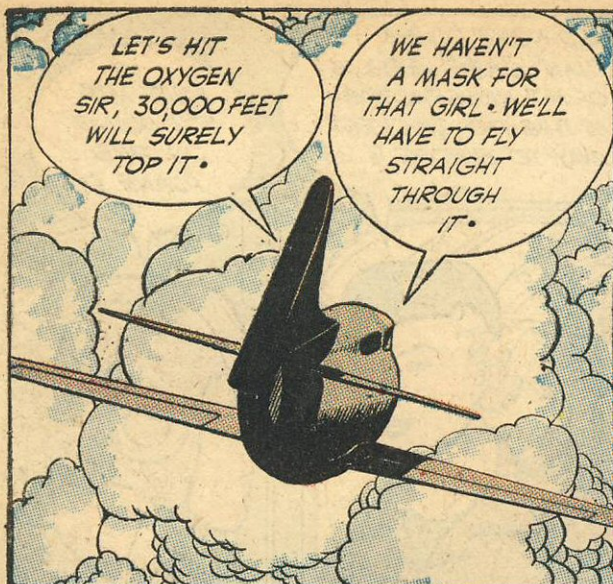
S-T-O-R-M
W-A-R-N-I-N-G

OH, OH,
MORE
TROUBLE •

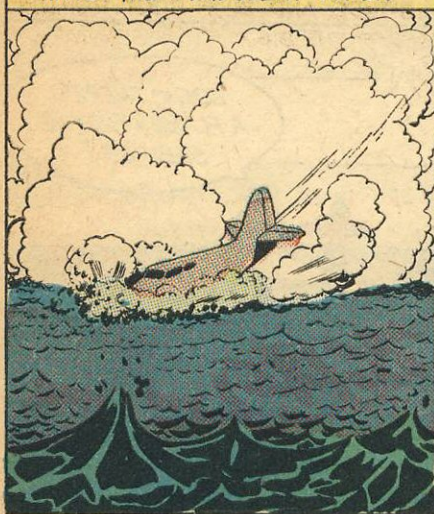


AS BLUE BOLT NEARS THE AREA HE TRIES
TO GO ABOVE THE CLOUDS

THE HIGHER I
CLIMB, THE WORSE
IT GETS •



A MINUTE LATER IT PANCAKES INTO THE TURBULENT WATER.



QUICK, CHARLEY, INFLATE THAT RAFT-- COME ON, SISTER, BEFORE SHE DROPS FROM UNDER US.



HEY YOU CAN'T PUT THAT STUFF IN HERE!

NOW LOOK, SHE KNOCKED OUT OUR FLARES.

LISTEN, THIS GOES OR ELSE!

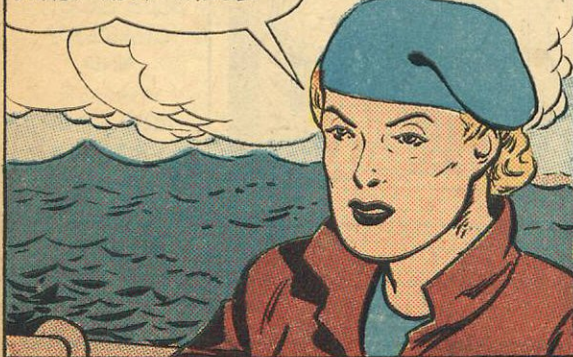


FIRST SHE PICKS ON OUR PLANE. THEN, NO OXYGEN MASK AND NOW SHE LOSES OUR FLARES FOR THAT JUNK. IF YOU WERE A MAN I'D---!

HOLD IT, CHARLEY, WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT OR REASONABLE FACSIMILE THEREOF.



THEY CONTAIN MY CAMERA SUPPLIES. THEY ARE ALL I HAVE LEFT OF A CAREER WHERE I HAD TO BE TOUGH TO SUCCEED. I KNOW I'VE BEEN A HEEL AND I'M SORRY. BUT LET ME AT LEAST KEEP THESE.



FOR THREE DAYS THEY ARE TOSSED LIKE A CORK IN THE ATLANTIC WASTES--

BLUE BOLT, WE'VE GOT TO THROW HER BAGS OVER! WE CAN'T EAT THEM AND THEY TAKE UP ALL THE ROOM.

WAIT!

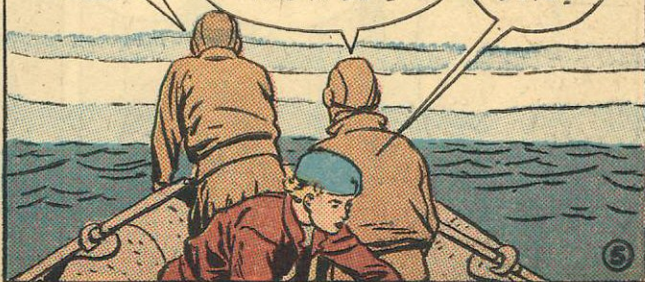


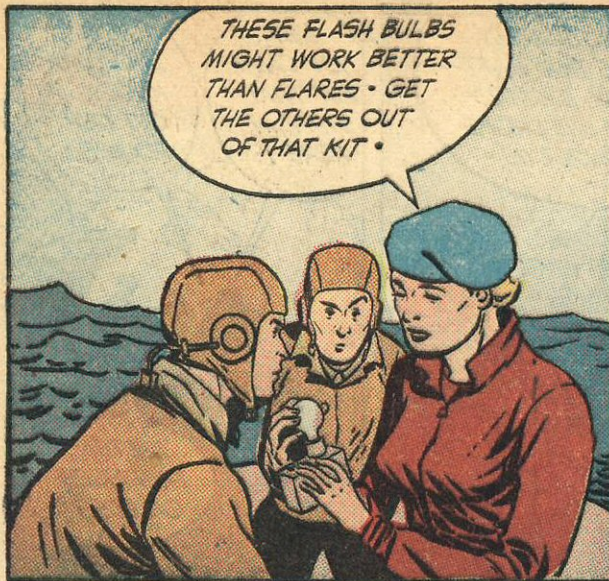
JUST THEN FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE MIST THEY HEAR THE DEEP THROB OF A FOG HORN--

A SHIP! WE'RE SAVED!

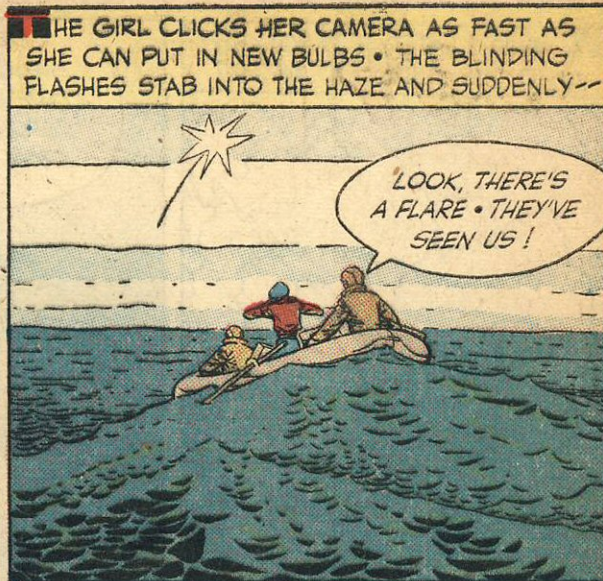
NOT SO FAST, CHARLEY. HOW ARE THEY GOING TO SEE US THROUGH THIS HAZE?

LEAVE THAT TO ME BOYS!





THESE FLASH BULBS
MIGHT WORK BETTER
THAN FLARES • GET
THE OTHERS OUT
OF THAT KIT •



THE GIRL CLICKS HER CAMERA AS FAST AS
SHE CAN PUT IN NEW BULBS • THE BLINDING
FLASHES STAB INTO THE HAZE AND SUDDENLY--

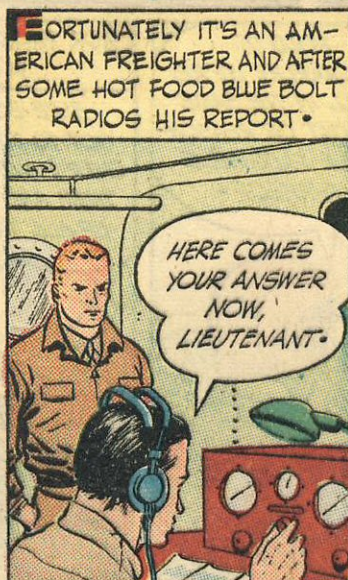
LOOK, THERE'S
A FLARE • THEY'VE
SEEN US!



HEY, YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO WASTE
THEM •
HERE SHE
IS NOW •

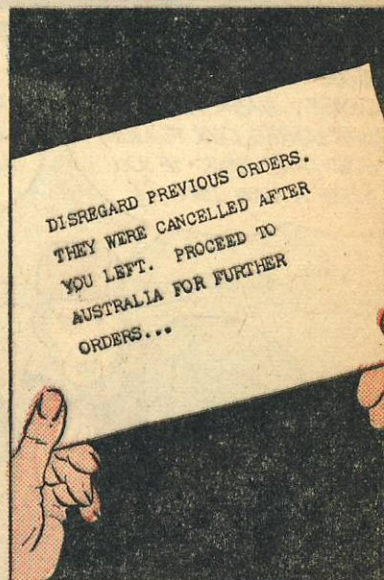
WHO'S WASTING
THEM? I'M GETTING
A BIGGER SCOOP
THAN THE ONE I
WAS AFTER •

SHE'S
AT IT
AGAIN •



FORTUNATELY IT'S AN AM-
ERICAN FREIGHTER AND AFTER
SOME HOT FOOD BLUE BOLT
RADIOES HIS REPORT •

HERE COMES
YOUR ANSWER
NOW,
LIEUTENANT •



DISREGARD PREVIOUS ORDERS.
THEY WERE CANCELED AFTER
YOU LEFT. PROCEED TO
AUSTRALIA FOR FURTHER
ORDERS...



WELL, AT LEAST I
DIDN'T RUIN THE
PLANS • MY ORDERS
WERE DROPPED
BEFORE I
CRASHED •

OH, LIEUTENANT,
I'VE JUST HEARD
FROM MY COMPANY.
THEY CAN HARDLY
WAIT FOR PICTURES OF
THE RESCUE AND THEY'VE
ORDERED ME TO STAY
ON THIS BOAT AND
GO TO AUSTRALIA
ON A NEW STORY •



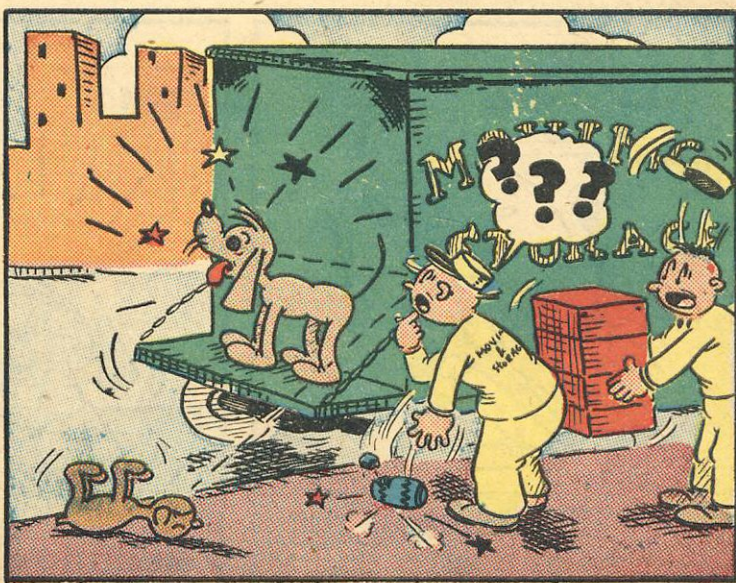
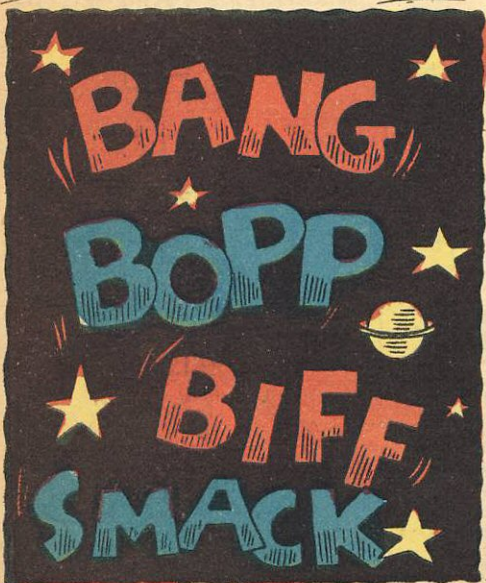
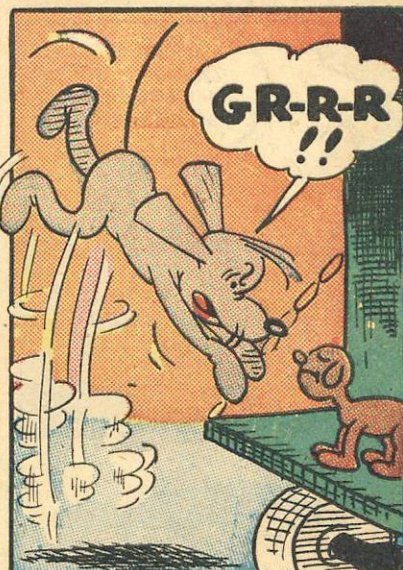
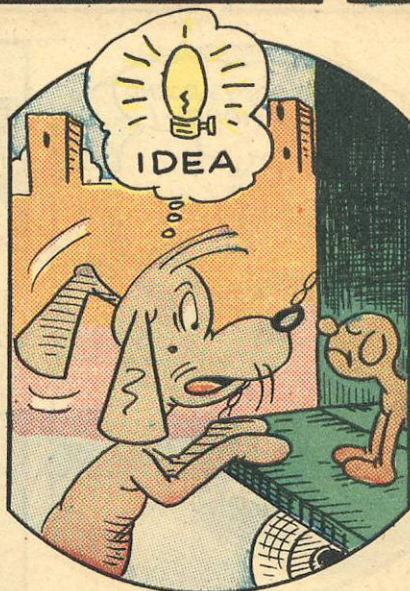
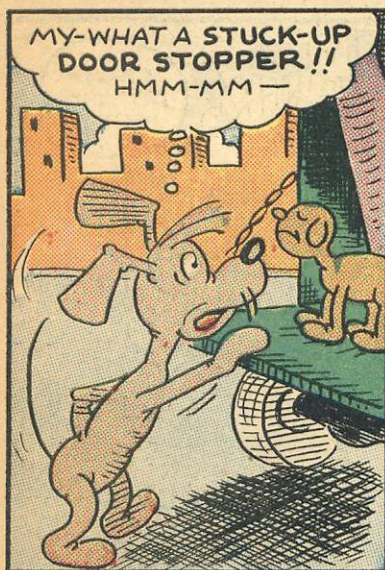
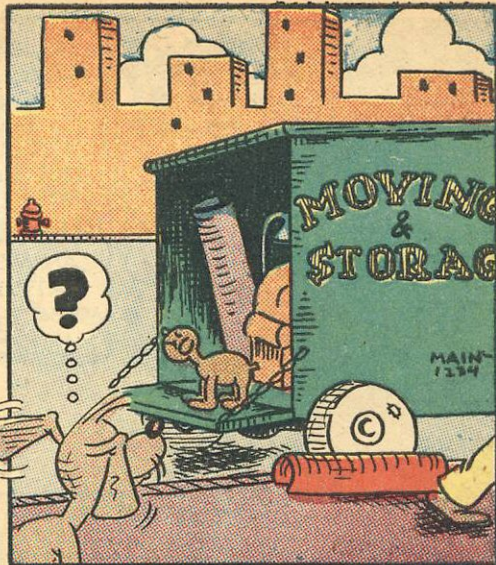
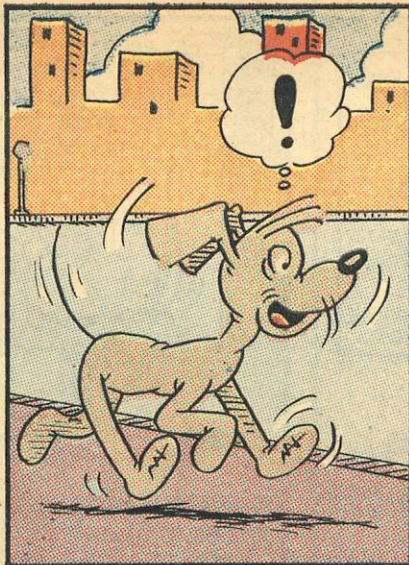
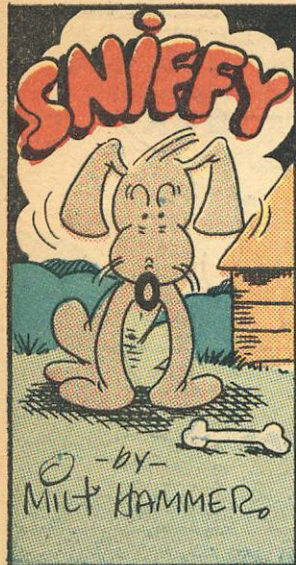
AUSTRALIA! THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE GOING •
SOMETHING TELLS ME
THERE'LL BE TIMES
I'LL WISH I WAS
NEVER RESCUED •

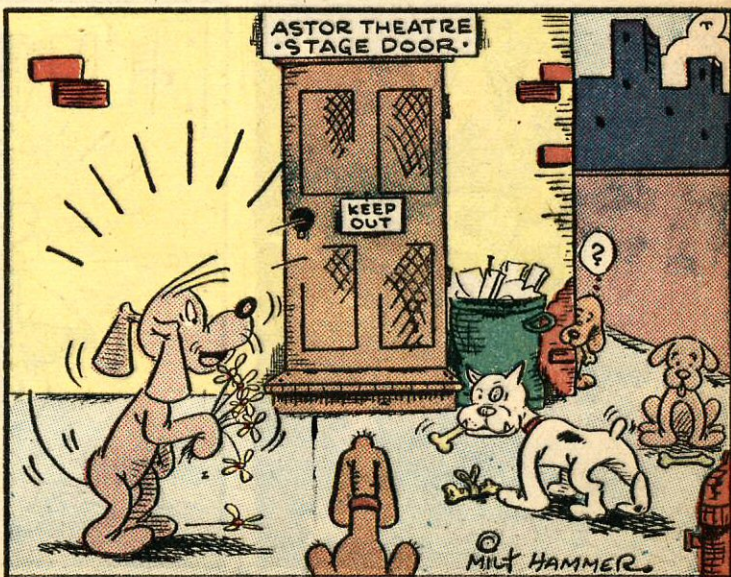
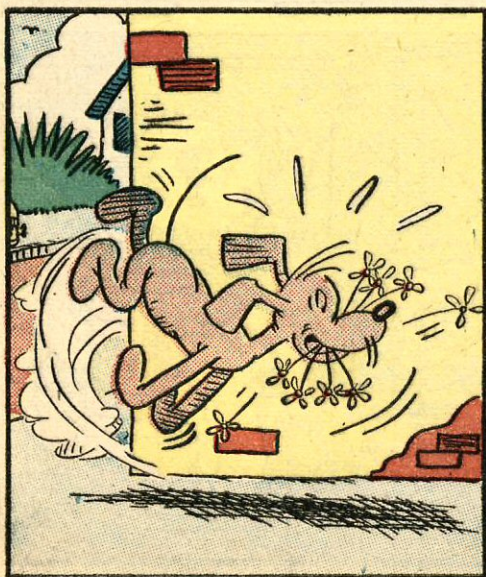
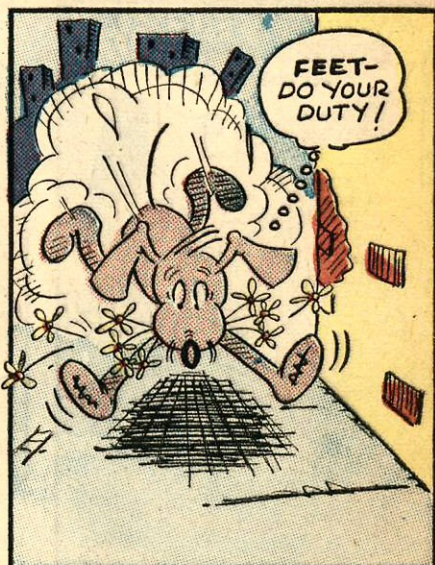
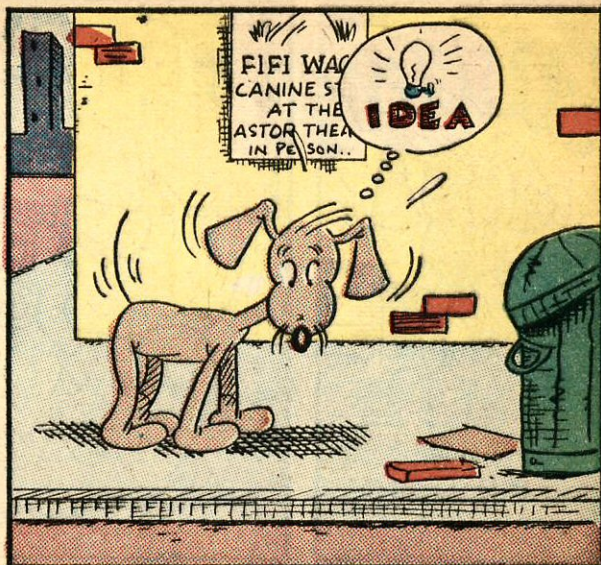
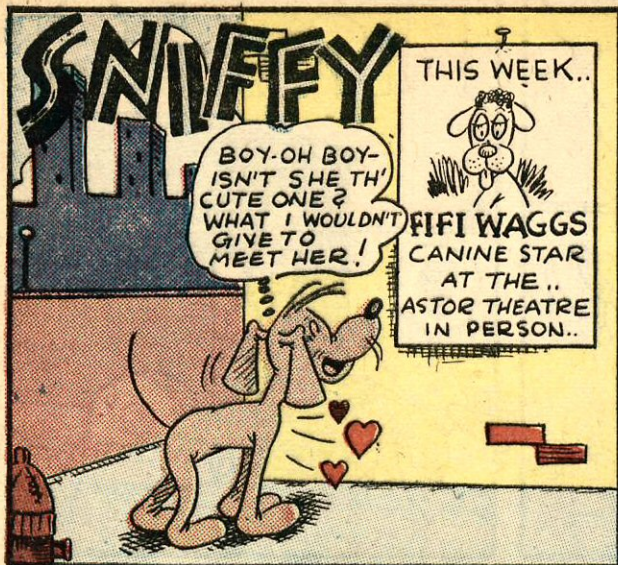
DITTO!

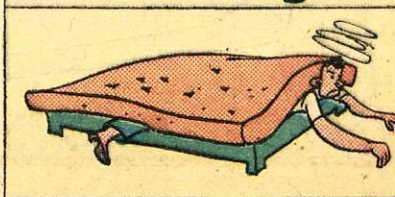
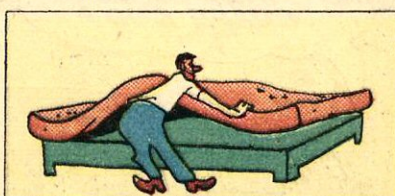
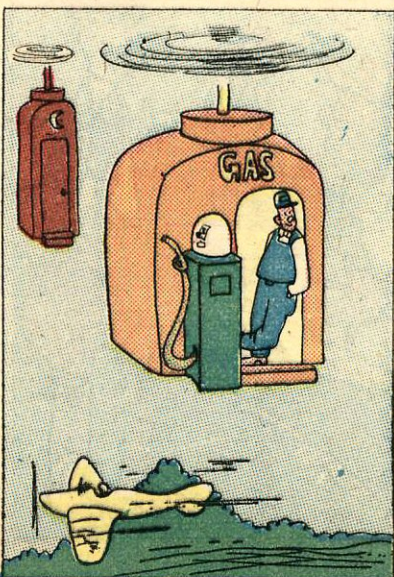
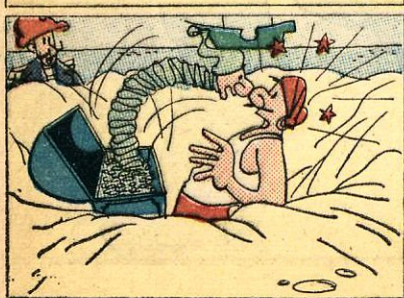
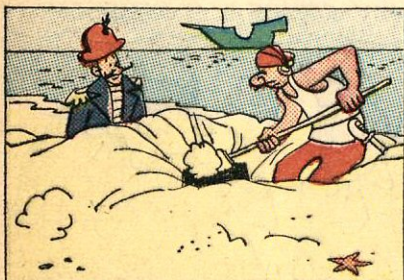
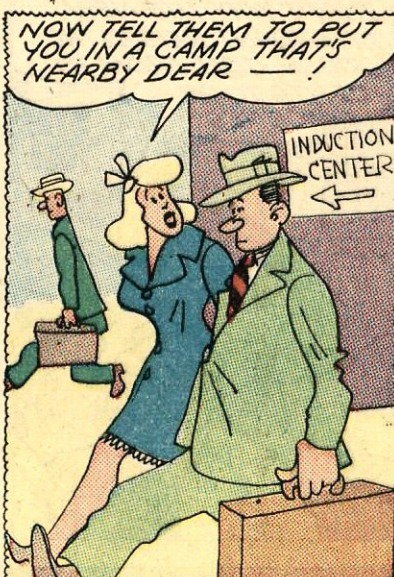
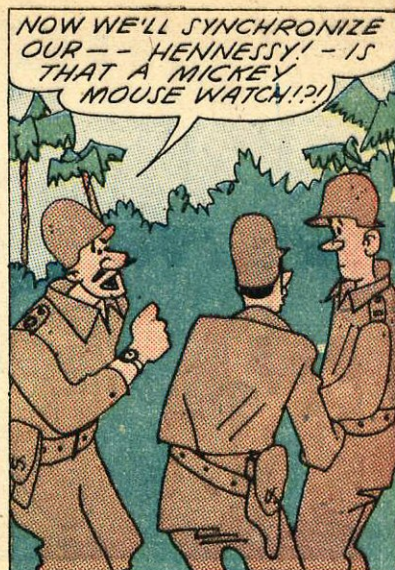
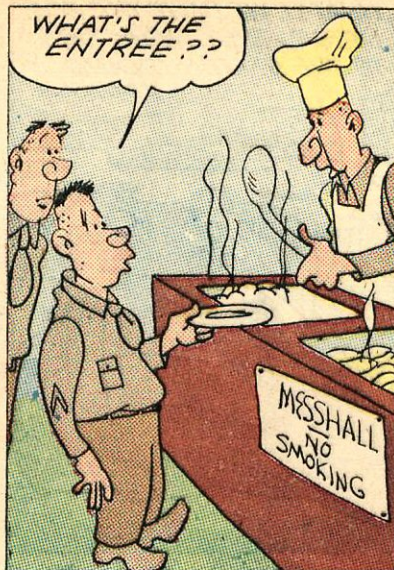
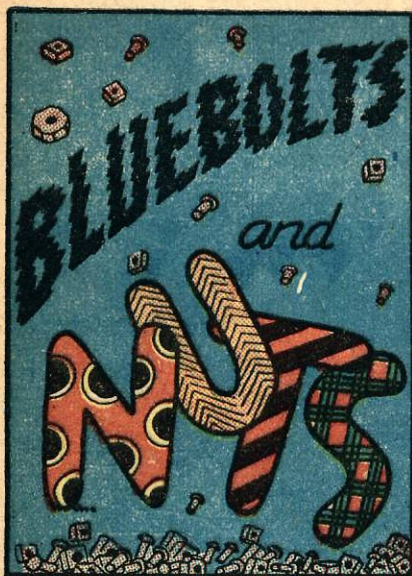
WE WON'T
THOUGH •

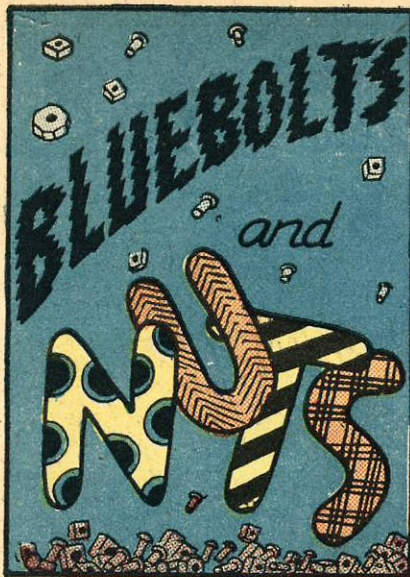
NEXT
MONTH
BLUE BOLT,
CHARLEY
AND
MARGE
ARE AT IT
AGAIN •

IT OUGHT TO
BE GOOD
!





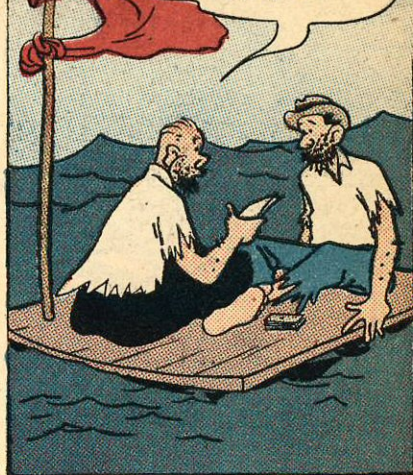




WHAT'LL WE DO IF THE FOG LIFTS? - THEY THINK THIS IS THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-!



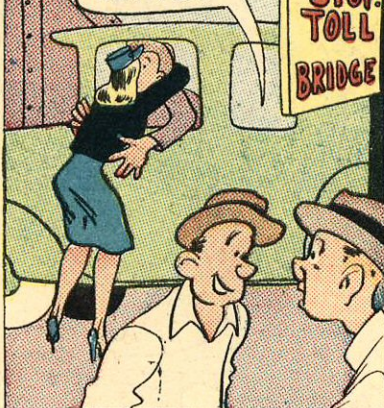
YOU OWE ME FOUR MILLION DOLLARS - AND YOUR HAT-!



TRY AGAIN - YOU'RE GETTING WARM.



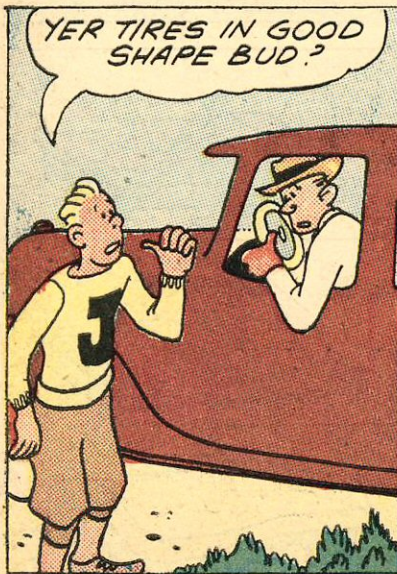
THAT'S WHY THE NEW ATTENDANT RAISED THE BRIDGE -TOLL FROM 10 CENTS TO 25 CENTS!



HE SAYS HE'S JUST THE SANDMAN, TO PUT THE BOYS TO SLEEP-!



YER TIRES IN GOOD SHAPE BUD?



AW - CANT I EVEN HAVE A PIN-STRIPE IN IT SERGEANT?



TAKE YOUR PICK!



CRIME
DETECTION

FOUNTAIN PEN

MECHANICAL
PENCIL

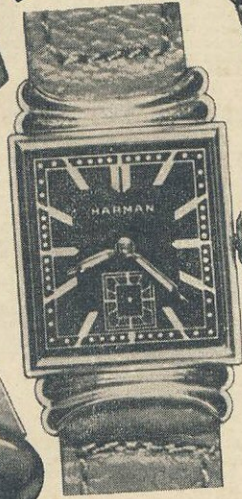
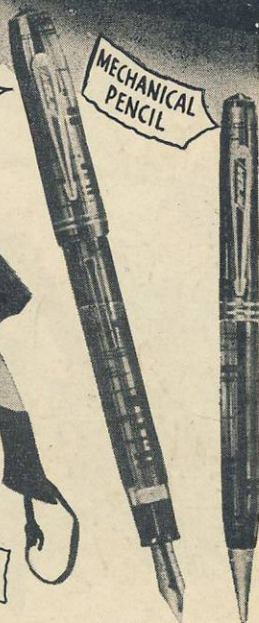
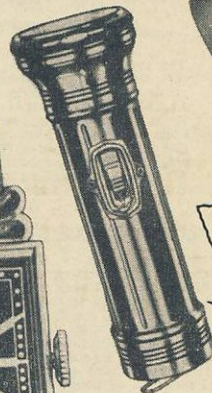
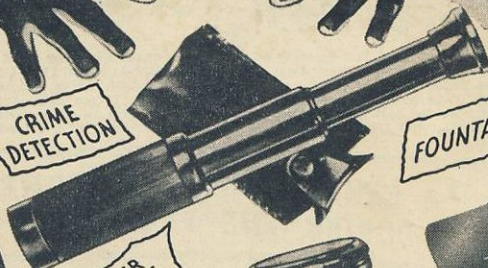
5 POWER
SPY-GLASS

HAND AXE

FLASHLIGHT

WRIST
WATCH

SIGNAL
KNIFE



YOU can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy. Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

BOYS

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MAKE MONEY TOO**

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is packed from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer, just write to

MR. JIM THAYER DEPT. 20
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio.

Mr. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 20
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

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FREE



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The amazing part of the CLARINET HARMONET, is that it is a genuine musical instrument... yet, you can play it during the very first lesson even if you have had no previous musical knowledge. More surprising is the fun and popularity that will follow you when you play this CLARINET HARMONET. You will be sought everywhere and gain friends. You will find this musical instrument a tonic for happiness, a companion to while away time that now seems to hang heavy when you are alone... you'll play real music... real songs and you will play by ear or from notes. The CLARINET HARMONET, is actually played and not hummed through, but it is so easy to master, you will be astonished. When you've mastered this instrument, you've learned the basic fingering of the Saxophone, Clarinet and Flute.

JUST REMEMBER THE TWO WORDS "BAG" AND "FED"

—THAT EASY Sounds simple, doesn't it? and it is! We have worked out a course of instructions so simple that even if you never could read a note of music before, you will play the CLARINET HARMONET, correctly from music. With this copyrighted feature, you just remember two simple words, which are "BAG" and "FED." If you know the alphabet from A to G, or can count from 1 to 7, and we are sure you do, you can play the CLARINET HARMONET. You master the fingering of the holes by a simplified number system. Before you know it, your CLARINET HARMONET, produces flute-like musical notes... all sharps and flats are playable so as to bring out professional-like musical melodies. Thousands of songs, including patriotic, popular or instrumental pieces can be played easily and quickly by following the simple fast-moving instructions. You begin your first lesson by playing the patriotic song "America," and after a few moments of learning the fingering you can go on from there playing any popular piece... we also show you how to mark songs for easy CLARINET HARMONET, playing. Everything is included. It's light and portable. There is nothing else to buy but ACT AT ONCE because this offer is LIMITED.

5 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You don't risk a single cent... no indeed! We are positive you will be satisfied. We are confident you will never part with this CLARINET HARMONET. For double the price... order yours today and try it for 5 days and if you are not 100% delighted, but we are sure you will be, return it and we will refund your \$1.98 at once.

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED—ONLY

\$1.98

Here you will find listed all that is included with this amazing musical instrument value.

No. 1—You get a regular-sized CLARINET HARMONET

No. 2—In addition, you also receive a full instruction course. This course is written in easy-to-understand language. It is fast-moving and not in the least bit complicated. It helps you to play quickly and correctly in a professional-like manner.

No. 3—We also include 8 popular songs which will be marked by our arranger for instant CLARINET HARMONET playing. These songs sell for 35 cents a copy, making the 8 of them total a value of \$2.80. All in all, we are giving you over \$5.00 worth at the bargain price of \$1.98 plus postage, but you must ACT AT ONCE because this offer may be withdrawn.

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Sign your name and address to coupon and rush it to us. Give the postman \$1.98 plus postage upon delivery or send \$2.00 now and we pay postage. ACT AT ONCE.

SO easy to
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You too can play the HARMONET. It's EASY... it's EDUCATIONAL... it's FUN.

Why many music educators prefer the HARMONET.

- The HARMONET is chromatic, with a two octave range.
- The HARMONET, equipped with a thumb rest like that of the clarinet and saxophone.
- The HARMONET has ridges between the fingering holes to guide the fingers in finding and covering the holes.
- The HARMONET holes are closely and evenly spaced so that even a child can reach them.
- The HARMONET, mouth-piece is adjustable making it possible to tune the instrument to the piano.
- The HARMONET, music holder is attachable right to the instrument.
- The HARMONET, a "C" instrument and can be played with the piano.

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